

THE
DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1826.

LEGENDARY TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. NO. V.

THE FETCH.

PEACE to thy manes, Dr. Ledwich ! thou wert but a shallow antiquarian, to assert that Saint Patrick had never been in Ireland. Perhaps it was only his *Fetch*, for Dr. Lanigan has clearly proved that some one very like him was engaged, twelve hundred years ago, in converting our swine-loving* ancestors from the abominations of heathenism. Besides, there's Croagh-Patrick, with its sugar-loaf-top, transpiercing the very clouds; from the summit of which, as all the world knows, the Apostle of Ireland hurled the venomous reptiles into the Atlantic, and did not leave as much as one in the whole island to propagate the rascally species.

In the year 1807, I made a pilgrimage to this remarkable and ever memorable spot—not for the purpose of saying my prayers—for I seldom do that, yet how am I to blame, since Dr. Spurzheim assures me that I want the bump of veneration, without which he defies a man to be pious. Stubborn, however, as my knees are, I have knelt, and prayed too, both at Loughderg, and Croagh-Patrick, though I have visited both only as an idler, and on the present occasion I was led on by a spirit, not of devotion—but of curiosity.

I have an unconquerable antipathy to turnpikes, and cannot endure to travel on roads in summer. I like to luxuriate a little in green fields, among hills and valleys; perhaps to pluck a flower, to admire a view, or inspect a ruin; or only perhaps to have a bit of chat with the unsophisticated children of nature. It was on a lovely morning in July, that I left Castlebar with the intention of visiting the top of Croagh-Patrick; and, as there was but little danger of missing (for its a lordly land-mark) my

place of destination, though devoid of a compass, I resolved to travel in a circuit.

In about four hours time, I had crossed numberless hedges and ditches, leaped over three or four rivers, and had nearly been swallowed up by an insidious quagmire. Some of the haymakers, as I passed, attempted a joke at my expence, and, like the man in the Idler, I found that their mirth increased at every new difficulty I fell into. The pastoral life in Mayo seemed happy enough, and whatever may have been their actual condition, no one could deny but that they had excellent prospects before them.

About noon I came upon a most sequestered spot, romantically situated. A little cottage, the best I had seen in Connaught, stood under a hanging rock, while immediately below a bubbling brook meandered, as the poet would say, through a delightful grove. There was the appearance—and that's a great deal in Mayo—of a garden, and the view on each side was intercepted by either rocks or trees. I stopped to admire the place, and, while I leaned over a little wicket that led into a green paddock, in which a cow was grazing, an elderly woman eyed me through the spy-hole, for the door stood open. She seemed to observe me very curiously, and, after some time, approached the door; then withdrew the pipe from her mouth, carefully let fall the extinguishing saliva upon the smoking tobacco, and, having placed the social utensil in her pocket, and wiped her face in her apron, she walked towards me. Her dress was cleanly and comfortable; and her looks were in perfect keeping with her exterior appearance. 'Your sarvant, sur,' accompanied with half-a-

* I like to oppose facts to theories, and the only answer necessary to be given to that ingenious gentleman, who insisted that the Irish were originally Jews, is the undoubted truth that in all ages they have been partial to pig-meat. A follower of O'Neill of Clonoboy, being asked whether he thought pork better than beef, replied, in a truly Irish manner, by asking the querist whether he thought O'Neill greater than himself.

dozen curtesies, was her mode of introduction, and when I had acknowledged her salutation, she proceeded.

'Beggin your pardon, sur, for axen, but may be you are a doether?'

Now I could never guess why she took me for a physician, for I am the most unprofessional looking man alive, and very likely she thought so too, but hoped to be deceived. I replied, however, in a dubious manner to her fishing question, and enquired, in my turn, what she wanted of a doctor.

'Musha, then sur,' she replied, 'I'll tell you: my garsoon—an a betther poor woman's son never broke honest bread—was mowin down in the marsh, forenenst you, yesterday, an comin evenin, cross o'Christ about us! he conceited that he saw his own *Fetch*, an then he came home in a terrible fright and took to his bed widout more ado, an he seems worse to day nor ever.'

'If that be all,' I replied, resolving to play the doctor, 'I'll soon cure him for you.'

'Musha do, an God bless you,' said she, as she led the way into the cottage.

The interior of the dwelling corresponded with the outside; it was furnished apparently from the wreck of a more splendid habitation. The chairs and tables looked as if they had once done duty in a lordly hall, while here and there stood the remnant of articles to be found only in the houses of the wealthy. An arm-chair, which must have been carved subsequently to the time of paganism—for the figures on it did not offend against the second commandment—stood in a corner; and a table, which once served for a lady's toilet, had evidently undergone considerable repairs by the country carpenter. The dresser was ornamented with china and delph, no longer fashionable; while, suspended from the walls, hung many a goodly picture that might have been 'smoaked in kitchens, or in auctions sold.' From all this I set down the proprietor, at once, for the follower of some wealthy family—perhaps a nurse. I was not mistaken.

I found my patient, a strapping fellow of thirty, laying on a straw pallet, in a dark room; and, having

elongated my face to about half-a-yard, I ordered him to rise and follow me into the kitchen: he did so, and after I had felt his pulse, &c. I enquired respecting the apparition.

'Why sur,' said Pat, 'I was mowin down in the marsh, an, as I was goin to whet my scythe, what should I see, right forenenst me, but myself goin to whet a scythe too. I knew, at once, that it was my *Fetch*, an so I come home to my mudher, an wanted her to go for the priest, for I was sure I was goen to die outright.'

Had Gil Blas been in my place, he would undoubtedly have administered—and perhaps with effect too—Sangrado's remedy; but as I had no lancet, and if I had, knew not how to use it, I contented myself with prescribing a vulgar dose of salts, which was to be procured at the village Caleb Quotem's.

Pat and his mother were all gratitude, but as this was not a time to relax my assumed austerity of look, I took my departure for Croagh-Patrick, and did not return for a few days. On my next visit the old woman received me with great cheerfulness, and wiped the chair with her apron—a proof of her high opinion of me—before she would permit me to sit down upon it.

'Doether'—I felt dignity thrust upon me, but could'nt look big this time—'Doether,' said she, 'your *patience* is quite well this mornin, an is gone to his work.'

'I expected as much,' I said, 'and wonder why your son should be so foolish as to imagine that he could see himself—except in a looking-glass.'

'Lord forgive us,' returned the old woman, casting upon me a most incredulous look, 'an doether, don't you blieve that there are such things as *Fetches*?'

'Not the kind of *Fetches* you allude to.'

'Well now, doether, you are a very larned man, but troth for all that you could'nt persuade me that a body can't see a *Fetch*; for there was my own darlin child, the *honourable* (this by the way was gratuitous of the nurse,) Miss Betsey Brown, who seen wid her own two looken eyes the *Fetch* of her sweet-heart, the noble

Captain Blake. Ulla-loo!" continued the nurse, sitting down on a little stool, while her body kept vibrating like a tree in a storm, 'twas themselves were the beautiful crethurs, an pity 'twas that ever they died.'

'Who were they?' I enquired.

'Who were they!' responded the nurse, still in motion, 'musha, was'nt one ov'em my own daughther, that I nursed in this cabin; fur, doether, poor as I look'—she ceased to oscillate, and sat upright—'I'm none of your common sort, fur I have nursed fur some of the first gentry in Con-naught, but there never nussed in my busom a child I loved or liked half so well as my darlin Betsey Brown. Och! doether dear, she was a born *jenuse*, an afther she comed home from the great grand skule in Dublin, she'd draw you to a hair. Ay, in troth, she'd do any thing in the liven wourld wid her pincil, fur look you here at these picthurs that she drew for me wid her own beautiful hand.'

And the good nurse pointed out the landscapes that hung in their 'frames of gold' round her little kitchen. They appeared, indeed, to deserve the poor woman's commendations; and I was not a little interested in the fate of a lady who had given such early proofs of talent. The nurse consented to satisfy the curiosity she had awakened, and, after a few minutes and a short prologue, proceeded.

'Its now three and thirty good years, come Lammas next, since Lady (read Mrs.) Brown was brought to bed, an your humble sarvant—I was then on my first child—was engaged as nurse, an though 'tis myself that ses it, troth I did justice to my charge, seein that I was well rewarded fur't. Betsey—so she was called, though her name was Elizabeth—grew up a little feary, an I loved her, doether, as if she was my own born child. When she was aight years ould she was taken home to the big house yonder, an och! I thought my poor ould hart would break wid grief; but I was'nt ould then neather. 'Twas some comfort, however, to see her every day, fur she used to cry her eyes out if she would'nt be brought to her

mammy, as she called me, an, to tell the truth, I was always welcome at Square Brown's, an never left it but wid full an plenty. Och! there's no such gintlemen goin now a-days, at all at all; fur I dunna what's comin over the wourld; fur it is'n't as it ought to be, any how.

'As Miss Brown was to be a great lady, her modhur sent her to a skule at Dublin, an when she came home agin I didn't know her, she looked so grand an so beautiful. My dear, she was dressed in silks an sattans, an made me as big as a horse bekase she always called me nurse. She came to the ould cabin here amost every day, an never widout bringin me something for myself.

'You know the Blakes of——. Well, Mr. Blake that is now, is own brother to Captin Blake that was. It would do your heart good to have seen the captin when he used to visit Square Brown's, though he wasn't a captin then. Let ould people say what they like, young people will be young people all the wourld over; an so Miss Brown fell in love wid the captin, an small blame to her, fur 'twas impossible not to like him: an those who bring the fire too close to the *bor-rough*,* shouldn't wonder if the tow was burnt. Troth, betune ourselves, Square Brown was to blame for lettin the young people be so much together, whin he didn't like they should court each other, fur the captin was the youngest son of his fadher, an had no forthune at all—not as much as would cover the palm of your hand in brass farthens. But Miss Brown didn't mind that, she liked the captin, an he liked her, but he was too proud to marry her aginst the consent of her fadher, an so off he goes to Jar-many to seek his forthune, an was away several years. We hard from him often an often, for all his letthers were sint to me, for Miss Brown, an the tears would come into my eyes, when my poor darlin child used to say, laughing, "Never mind, nurse, my young soger will soon be home, an then your little Betsey will be happy." But Lord deliver us from all hurt an harm! no-body knows what's afore 'em, though what

* The refuse of carded flax.

will be, will be, say what you like.

'My young lady, as I tould you afore, had a *jenuse* fur paintin picturs, an was always drawin things to life, which she used to call, the angel of the wourld! landscapes, that is, mountains, an rocks, an houses, an trees, an rivers, an such things. The little lough at the end of the bough-areen is a mighty wild place intirely, an is hanted they say besides. Well, nothin would do my poor child but go there to paint, an where should she set herself but among rocks, an kows, an sheep, an goats, on the bare edge of the wather. Oh! troth 'twas a wild place intirely, an here is a pictur of't, drawn wid my young lady's own hand, afther she had seen the Fetch, cross o' Christ about us!'

Saying this the nurse handed down one of the landscapes, but before presenting it to my view, she looked at it herself with all the apparent penetration of a connoisseur; now held it at a distance and again brought it near her; elevated and depressed it; turned it to the right and to the left; placed it in the light and the shade; and never ceased to gaze upon it, till a tear—a large globular one—burst into her eye, and then, as if the sight had grown painful to her, she presented the picture to me with her right hand, while the left held her apron, which was employed, ever and anon, in removing the obtrusive moisture from her eyes. It was a sight that would have made—not Sterne, for between ourselves he was an affected prig—but a sentimental traveller weep, there was something so touching in the scene; and when the good nurse used to apply the corner of the apron to the angle of her eye, and then look at it as if wondering why she had wet it, I felt the milk of human kindness swell within me into something of a spring tide, while my under lip was affected by an involuntary tremor, as if it had been slightly in contact with a galvanic battery.

'Och!' said the nurse, rudely in-

terrupting this delightful abstraction, 'that's her born image afore you, wid her heavenly face, an you'd swear that it is the very place itself where she was standin when she saw the Fetch. Well, to be sure, but she had a wondherful *jenuse* of her own. Ony look at the kows, an the sheep, an the goats, an the wather, an Square Brown's own house at her back, Ulla-loo! but 'tis she that had the *jenuse*.'

On hearing these encomiums I averted my eyes from the nurse to the drawing. I thought it pretty; for the scene was wild and picturesque; while, in the fore-ground, was placed the lonely figure of a beautiful female. She was represented with 'eyes up-raised as one inspired,' partially resting on a projecting rock, with a pencil in one hand and a portfolio in the other. I had not much difficulty in believing that the portrait was intended for Miss Brown herself; for it associated well with the scene, and had something marvellously romantic in it.

'Well, as I was sayen,' said the nurse, as if impatient to finish her story, 'there she would sit while the sun was splittin the trees, widout as much as a rag of bonnet on her head, drawin her picturs. There wasn't a sowl near her, as she often an often tould me, barren the kows an goats; when, who should she see right fore-nenst her but the captin; but och! it wasn't the captin neather, but ony his Fetch. You may be sure the poor creathur was amazed, an couldn't speak for joy, but whilst she looked, as she thought, at the captin, his figure melted away like butther in the fire, an nothin was to be seen where he was standin a few minutes afore. Her drawin tools dropped from her hands like as if they were a fire, an she ran to me an tould me what she had seen. I opened the dure, to see by the sun through the spyhole* what o'clock it was, and though 'twas afther twelve,† I put on a good countenance, an sed, "Never

* The nurse's dial is a pretty general one; for the Irish peasantry, by observing the sun's rays as they fall through a door or a window, are never at a loss to know the hour of the day. To such people clocks would be only mere ornaments, and the English peasantry, notwithstanding all we have heard to the contrary, might as well be without their wretched Dutch-clocks, which do nothing—but go wrong.

† The popular opinion is that a Fetch seen before noon intimates long life to the

fear, child, though it was the captin's Fetch, it wasn't afore death he come, but ony to tell you that a long life is in store for yous both."

'She made no answer, but looked, for all the wourld, like one who lost her wits, wid her eyes set upon the dure. "'Tis he, nurse! 'tis he, nurse!" said she, and kept turnin round till her face came against the dresser there, an then she made a plunge as if to ketch somebody, but there was nothin, an so she screamed an fell down senseless on the flure. Och! then a-vich, you may be sure I was all in a flusterification, an when I had recovered my darlin girl wid a drop of holy water, an the like's o' that, I axed her what ailed her, an she tould me that she had seen the captin's Fetch enter the dure, an walk towards the dresser.

'Oh! musha! musha! ses I, 'tis all megrims that's got into your head, an don't be afther mindin it like a gomshoge at all; for troth the captin, God bless 'im, is well enough, an I'll live, never fear, to see 'im as close as a pocket to your side, my darlin child, wid plenty o' young things runnen around yous, like chickens round a brood hen.

'The angel of the wourld would fain laugh, but couldn't, fur she was ready to sink into the earth wid fright, an so I threw a *fleakeen** over my shoulders, an took her home to the big house, and tould my lady all I knew about the matther, not forgettin to slip in a word, in my own way, fur the poor captin, but they didn't seem to relish it much, though they sed nothin.

'As I tould you afore, whenever I went to Square Brown's I was made much of, an you'd think they'd put their hands under my feet as if I was a lady o' the land. An 'twas the same thing whether there was *quality* there or not. 'Twas nurse won't you drink *this*, an nurse won't you eat

that, from I went in, till I come out; an so on this evenin 'twas dark as pitch, ony there was moonlight, afore I stood up to come my ways. I had besides, an ould gown, an a high call cap, a bit of mate, an a grain of meal, wid a lump o' soap, an a pound o' candles, an besides that, a bottle of whiskey, an a wee drop of wine for fear of sickness, wid a muskdan o' butther in my *praskeen*,† an you may be sure I was pretty well loaded, but still my hart was as light as a fly, an I walked like any thing, till I came to the style that leads into the bottom, when I thought I hard somethin cryin like murdher. Egad I was frightened, as a body would, but still I put the best foot foremost, till I came to the quarry holes, when, what should I see, but somethin like an ould woman sittin on her hunkers over the wather. "God save you" ses I, when wid that she set up such a pullallue as you never hard in your life, an kept slappin her hands—an long, lanky, hands they were as ever I saw in all my born days. "Oh, ho," ses I to myself, "this is a Banshee, Lord be marciful to all the sowls of the faithful, and presarve us from a sudden an unprovided death," an off I run, but 'twas no use asthore, for she was hot foot afther me, cryin so mournfully that 'twould soften the heart of a stone. By-an-by she left off, an I thought I should never reach home alive; for, saven your presence, I was all over covered wid *parspiration*. When I reached the barley field, below the bosheen, who should I see, right forenenst me, but my young lady an Captin Blake *cuggerin*‡ together. "Cross o' Christ about us," said I, "but 'tis all over wid 'em," fur I know 'twas their Fetches, an when I came to the gap, the rethey were standin afore me. "In the name of the Father, Son, an Holy Ghost," ses I, "who are you or what do you want?" They sed nothin, but gave

person seen, but if after that hour death is indicated. You may see your own Fetch as well as that of another, and the absence of a party in this case signifies nothing. Mr. Banim, in the 'Tales of the O'Hara Family,' has illustrated this *doctrine* in a felicitous manner; and, as he has constructed a drama (perhaps the tale was constructed from the drama,) on the 'Fetches,' I intend to be present at its representation at the English Opera House, this evening, should the dreaded printer's devil not make his appearance before six o'clock.

* Any thing that is worn in place of a shawl.

‡ Talking in a suppressed and earnest manner.

† Coarse apron.

a loud laugh, and walked arm in arm like gentlemen an ladies up the field. When I got into the bosheen, I turned about to look at 'em but they were gone.

'When I reached home I got into my bed as sick as a horse, an Pat had to bile the pheaties next mornin fur 'imself, fur I couldn't stur, I was so frightened. In two or three months, howsomever, all was right agin, an wurd was brought from Jarmany, that Captin Blake was kilt fightin fur ould Ireland's honour and glory. Och! you'd think my young lady's hart would break at the news, an in troth I was sorrowful enough myself, nor was there many dry eyes in the parish; fur the captin was loved an liked by gintle an simple.

'Time soon run over our heads, an one Square French came to court my young lady, the darlin creathur! Her fadher an modhur liked 'im, an so I purswadedh er to have 'im, as Captin Blake was dead; an she ought to do whatever her fadher bid her. At last, an at long run, she consinted: fur they warried her very life out, an the day of the wedden was appointed. I was sent fur of course, an lent a hand in gettin things ready, but it pierced my poor sowl through to see my young lady begin to look as if she was at death's door. I knew she wasn't long for this wourld, but I held my tongue an sed nothin, fur sure 'twas no business o' mine.

'One evenin afore the 'pointed day, my young lady calls me into her own room an locked the dure. "Nurse," ses she to me, "do you know what?"

"Why should I?" ses I.

"Why then" ses she, "the captin is no more dead nor you are."

"God bless us," ses I, "how do you know?"

"I know very well," ses she, "fur I saw his Fetch last night agin."

"You did, aroon!" ses I, quite frightened.

"Indeed, I did," ses she, "an 'twasn't his ghost any how; fur though he looked as pale as a sheet, it wasn't like death, fur all that, but as if he was unhappy."

"Sure it can't be?" ses I.

"Sure it is," ses she, "an nurse,

do, like a good girl, run an send Paddy to the post-office down in the town, for somethin tells me there is a letther there from the captin."

'Away I wint as I was bid, an you may be sure I took a bit of somethin to my poor garsoon. "Paddy," ses I, when I got home, "run to the post-office fur a letther fur your foster sisther," an at the wind of the word—for he was always a smart boy—he was off, like an antrim goat; but he had hardly reached the causy,* when somethin darkened the dure, an on looking up, I was frightened out o' my life to see the captin standin, holus-bolus, afore me. I thought 'twas his Fetch, but troth 'twas his own self an nobody else aroon.

"Nurse," ses he, "don't you know me?"

"Know you!" ses I, "troth I do, but is it your real self, or your Fetch that's in it?"

'He smiled, an a most beautiful smile he had, that would enchant any woman, an soon made me know he wasn't a Fetch.

"Ulla-loo! captin honey," ses I, "what brought you home, or why didn't you come sooner? We hard you was dead, an so my young lady is to be married to morrow."

"Married!" ses he, "an to morrow?"

"Ay in troth," ses I to him, "an how can you blame her, seein that you was dead, an her fadher always tazin an tazin her till she was forced to consint?"

"Ah!" ses he, "I was deceived"

"Not by me, captin," ses I.

"Didn't you get my letthers?" ses he.

"Not one," ses I.

"Then there's treason somewhere," ses he, "an I might have known as much, fur I saw Elizabeth's Fetch, some months agone."

"Arrah! where?" ses I.

"In Jarmany," ses he, "where I was fighten for my king an country. Her Fetch appeared to me in my tent an afore battle, an that was the reason of my comin home; fur I feared she was dead, as she didn't write to me."

'This was wondherful enough, an so I ups an tells 'im how we saw his

* Causeway.

Fetch, an how we hard he was dead, an how the weddin was to take place to-morrow. The poor captin was very disconsolate intirely; an didn't know what was best. "I'll go, an see Miss Brown," ses he. "Musha an do," ses I. "But I want to see her anowst to any body," ses he. "Oh you do," ses I. "Yes," ses he, "couldn't you, nurse, do a good turn that way for an ould friend?" "Troth I could," ses I, "an will sarve yous please God! but you must go an hide yourself in the grove forenint the lawn, just agin the parlour window, till I call you." "Very well" ses he, "I'll do that," an so off we set. When I reached the big house, I axed where was my young lady, an was tould that she was in the parlour wid her modhur an fadher, an bridegroom, an lawyers, an Lord knows what else, goin to sign some papers. To be sure I daren't go in, though I had a hundred minds; an all the while I was, for all the wourld, like a hen on a hot griddle, dancin about, an couldn't get widin whisper of Miss Brown, though I'd have given Damer's estate to be near her at the time. They were mortual long about signin the papers, an some high words passed betune 'em too. By an by all was hubbub, fur my young lady had seen the Fetch, an then 'twas "Nurse where are you?" an "Nurse why don't you come?" An to be sure I ran in, an found my darlin child half dead, but she soon recovered. Square Brown was blusterin an swearin about the Fetch, an sed 'twas somebody purposely frightenin his child, an damin an sinkin what wouldn't he do, an all the time he had the fowlin piece, which used to hang over the fire-place, in his hand.

'Twas neather day nor night, but betwixt an betune, an when my young

lady went to the window she saw the Fetch agin. "There he is," ses she.

"Where?" ses her fadher.

"'Tis the captin himself," ses I in a whisper, but she didn't mind me, an afore I could look about me, I hard a shot.

'Och!' continued my narrator, 'that was a sorrowful shot, for it kilt the noble captin stone dead. He was impathient, to be sure an small blame to 'im, to see his misthress, an so come nearer to the house nor he ought; an Square Brown took 'im fur a Fetch an fired at 'im. When taken up he was as dead as Lazarus, an the very look of his bloody clothes took the sight from my eyes. The place was all in a pucker, an when the Blakes hard of it they were blazen mad; but 'twas all an accident, an so there was no more about it. My darlin child from that moment was ony out o' one faint into another, an so the weddin was put off, an in three days I had, ulla-loo! to lay her out fur her wake. Ulla-loo! The keeners came from the seven counties, an she had a great, grand, funeral as ever was seen in Connaught, but the people sed her fadher was to blame, an so he left this part of the country. Afore he went I come in fur a few ould things that you see about the cabin, an in a few years I hard he was dead, an his lady too, the Lord be marciful to the sowls of the faithful departed.'

The nurse concluded, an before taking my departure, I took care to undeceive her respecting my medical abilities, leaving her, however, in perfect possession of her opinions regarding the popular notion of Fetches.* Indeed it would have been useless to reason with her on that point, for she had facts to oppose to my arguments.

TO—.

THE token which, with needless care,
An offering from thy heart to mine,
Affection placed, and with a tear
Enbalm'd it in a holy shrine,
As chrystal pure, a charm where Time,
That tingeth all it passes by,
Hath left no stain, though grief and crime,
And Passion's dark intensity,

* The same notions are prevalent in England. What the Irish call *Fetches* the English call *doubles*. The Irish word, I apprehend, should be *Feach*, a verb signifying to see—to behold, &c.

Might well have dimmed a gift less dear—

That sacred pledge of better years,

Nor thou nor I again may share!

Its purest—earliest lustre wears

Unchanged through many a scene;

But, ah! unlike that cherished token,

Thy heart is not what it hath been—

Its vows to me are broken.

Yes, broken—in an evil hour,

When troubles gathered thickest—then,

When every prospect seemed to lower,

And wrapt my heart in anguish—when

Each faithless hope had fled, and pride

Received a thousand wounds, but still

Refused to bend to aught beside

The passion which, till now, no ill,

Nor scorn, nor wrath, nor wrong could quell—

Yes, in that hour—when e'en my soul

Begun to throb with fainter swell,

And learned to brook the vile control

Of petty things and meaner men,

Whom my sunk heart could but despise;

Worn as it was—aye, lady—then

The feelings which thou once didst prize,

Or seemed to prize, in cold disdain

Were spurned and trampled on—yes—thou,

When drooping from the force of pain,

My spirit waxed more faint and low,

Didst in that hour inflict a wound,

With deeper—deadlier pang confest,

Than I had deemed a soul so bound

Could feel for aught, by aught oppressed.

But it is o'er—that pang is past—

Th' undying thought with thee may rest,

Of having lightly—coldly cast

Away a heart once prized—possessed.

The shock, perchance, I might have felt

Severest in an earlier hour—

But 'ere the faithless blow was dealt,

E'en darker ills had lost their power.

But, go—and yet—the pledge we wore—

What though a broken trust it be?

Still, still I feel my heart run o'er

In worship of that thought of thee!

The spell is broke—the charm hath fled—

Why, why, my soul, awak'st thou not?

The firstlings of the heart are dead—

They withered when by thee forgot.

As flowers that have lost their bloom

Are gifts, however, rich, when those

Who gave them prove unkind—a gloom,

Reflected from the secret woes

Of him who wears, will tinge them all!

What then is thine when thou to me

Art nothing? I cannot recal

Thy love—why hold a pledge of thee?

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD, AND THE FORTY-SHILLING FREEHOLDERS. *

It is a consolatory fact, that in this 'best of all possible worlds,' good is perpetually springing from evil. Nations, like the magnet, have a tendency to one point, and cannot be diverted from their natural direction but by force; and as this force is always an evil, good seldom fails ultimately to proceed from it. In spite of wild, sanguinary, and fanatical religions—in spite of gross systems of philosophy, and still more gross examples, the quantity of morality in the world has ever exceeded, and ever will exceed, that of vice; and though the despots of the earth have always formed themselves into a kind of tacit alliance against the liberties of mankind, the means they have been obliged to resort to for perpetuating their own power, and the degradation of their species, have uniformly terminated in their total or partial overthrow.

Man has an invincible attachment to the principles of liberty; and as those who desire to be free have seldom to wait long, as Locke has observed, for an opportunity to attempt a recovery of their rights, we cannot wonder at the struggle which the oppressed have constantly kept up with their oppressors. That they have not oftener succeeded must be attributed to the too prevalent error of relying more upon muscle than upon mind—upon mystery than upon open and manly conduct. The pen should supersede the sword; for the press, should it fail to enlighten, is sure to destroy. Its progress, though slow, is certain.

We have, in the history of Ireland, a curious illustration of the truth of this important fact. Centuries of physical struggles between the country and an intolerant government produced nothing but additional degradation, chains, and penal laws. But no sooner had the public mind become enlightened—no sooner had the press given birth to intelligence, than the people, as if by magic, started into the attitude of freemen, and,

since the assumption of their proper station, every effort of their enemies has only brought them still nearer to the possession of their utmost claims—has only served to generate amongst them a spirit of public virtue unexampled in the history of nations. Their march has been direct, and the goal of all their hopes is now nearly attained; for recent events have shown, that though nominally excluded, the Catholics are nearly in possession of political power,† while their natural leaders possess infinitely more influence than they could have done, were not the impolitic and unjust system of Protestant ascendancy persisted in. The bigots and exclusionists have been thus thrown into a dilemma; and, consistently with their dear self-love, they must—imperatively must, emancipate the people of Ireland. The truth of this is now everywhere acknowledged; and we have selected the pamphlet before us as a fair specimen of the opinion now generally entertained. It is written by Mr. W. S. Rose, author of letters from Italy, and some other works. As the letter is rather a short one, we shall insert it entire before making any comment.

'My dear Hallam,—I have, I suppose, in common with you and everybody, heard with deep regret of the extent of the interference of the Catholic clergy in the late Irish elections; but I have, I confess, with as much surprise, heard this adduced as an argument against *Catholic emancipation*. It appears to me, on the contrary, (if the thing be dispassionately considered) as one of the strongest reasons for granting it. The apprehension of this interference might perhaps have been a motive for not giving the elective franchise, but having given what you cannot take away, the realization of this evil is surely a reason for conciliating the Catholic gentry, and substituting their influence for that of the authority of the priests over those whom you have invested with

* A Letter to Henry Hallam, Esq. on the Conduct of the Catholic Priesthood, during the late Elections in Ireland. By W. S. Rose. London: Murray, 1826.

† This has been ably and eloquently proved in an admirable speech of Mr. Woulfe's, lately delivered at Cork. September, 1826.

the franchise. Would not this be the probable consequence of completing what you have left half done, and what you never should have begun, unless you had the intention of completing it? Let us try the question by a feigned issue: we will suppose *that* to have been done in England which has been done in Ireland. We will suppose that the right of voting had been given to the lowest of the Catholic peasantry—the power of sitting in parliament denied to the highest of our gentry—we will lay the *venue* in Yorkshire, and take for instances, Lord Stourton, one of our oldest nobles, whom we need not suppose a better man than he is, and any Catholic priest, whom we *will* suppose (for the sake of argument) as uneducated a fanatic as the worst which Ireland could produce.

Would it not be a probable consequence of the state of things which I suppose, (to wit, *that* of our Catholic gentry being excluded from the representation, and the forty shilling freeholder or *pot-wobler* admitted to the elective franchise,) that Lord Stourton should be comparatively indifferent to the exercise of his influence, and the priest extravagantly earnest for the extension of his own? The priest in such a case, we imagine, would interest himself most in favour of the man with whom he most sympathized: and the devotion of this man to his political cause would stand with him in place of every virtue.

‘It is not therefore surely too much to say, that we should infinitely prefer having a Catholic population represented (if it is to be represented) by a Catholic gentry,—(for whose good conduct we should have security in their birth, fortune, and education,)—to its being represented by the Protestant tools of a Catholic priesthood; who, to ingratiate themselves with those with whom they have no natural connexion, would necessarily become the blind instruments of their constituents. I do not mean to say (and there are obvious reasons for not saying it, if I thought it), that such is the actual state of things in Ireland; but I *will* venture to think and say, that the Catholic represen-

tation of Ireland would in many instances be vested in more moderate men than its present Protestant delegates, if the question of emancipation were carried.

‘But I have supposed a case in Yorkshire, and I retrace my steps. Though Lord Stourton, in such a state of circumstances as exists in Ireland, might be indifferent, and might perhaps remain *sulkily indifferent*, (if I may use such a phrase), while the priest, whom I have supposed an ignorant fanatic, might exert himself energetically and mischievously, the scene would probably be wholly changed, if Lord Stourton had hopes of nominating a brother or a son, as the representative of some county or town. He would then exert himself; and, in short, political power would flow through the same channels among the Catholics that it does among the Protestants.

‘It was a great misfortune, that in making concessions to the Catholics of Ireland, we should have begun at the wrong end; and I say this without meaning the slightest insinuation against the memory of that most distinguished man, under whose administration this measure was carried. Working always for some useful purpose, and never for stage effect, he esteemed it something to gain little, even where he aimed at much; and in such an instance as the present, calculated that it was a point gained even to make a beginning, though *that* beginning were made where he would have preferred to end.

‘To speak of the country where he began this change: there are (I conceive) but two methods of governing a kingdom; to wit, either a domineering or a conciliatory system of policy. All half measures are mischievous and contemptible. Previous to the Union, England had, I believe, no choice: her policy (it is useless to mince words) was, necessarily a domineering one. I now think, and believe every body must think, that a domineering system is impossible, even if it were desirable. You have given the elective franchise to the Catholic rabble, whom, as events prove, you have not conciliated by it; and you refuse the boon

of representing them to the Catholic gentry, whom you have every reasonable prospect of conciliating by such a benefit. Surely, if you make friends of these men, you will through them (if through any means) make a favourable impression upon the people; and I have always hailed the Union, (supposing it must, at some time or another, receive the completion which Mr. Pitt contemplated) as tending to give England a reasonable influence on the Catholic people through the Catholic aristocracy. But to render this work complete, we must realize the intentions developed in that most apposite quotation which we heard with so much pleasure, and the repetition of which now falls upon our ears like an empty and a senseless echo —

“Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
Nec mihi regna peto : paribus se legibus
ambæ

Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant.”

“What will be the effect on the people of Ireland of Mr. O’Connell’s getting a king’s counsellor’s gown?” is asked, in No-popery newspapers. I answer, the same that was produced on the citizens of London by Mr. Wilkes’s obtaining an alderman’s. I say this without meaning anything offensive to Mr. O’Connell in the parallel. I give him credit for his intentions, whatever I may think of his actions, and use his name as I might the letters A or B, instead of O and C, in the way of illustration.

‘To resume, you have rightly or wrongly given the elective franchise to the Catholics, and (what there can be no doubt about) you have wrongly given the elective franchise to the very scum of Ireland. You dare not, and you cannot take it away again, while every general election in Ireland threatens evils similar to those which we have recently witnessed, and gives a fearful foretaste of what will be the spirit of that people in the event of a foreign war, or any calamity befalling England which may give them hopes of executing their hostile intentions. Will you do nothing to mitigate these evils, or to diminish these dangers? and what can you do towards this desirable object, but by conciliating those who

would be the most natural and the safest leaders of the mob of zealots whom you have unchained? Nay, is there any other equally reasonable project which can be suggested for doing away this rabble of pretended freeholders, whom we have lately seen burning ships and houses? It is clear that the subdivision of property, pregnant with so many evils, besides that on which I have been commenting, is principally derived from the Catholics’ struggle, I will not say for political power, but for political rights. Take away the bone of contention, and why should this excessive subdivision of property exceed *that* of every other country in Europe, not excepting those where the doctrine is most popular? or why does it not exist in England, where it formerly prevailed? I am told that this takes place in Ireland because she has no poor-laws? Why then is not property as much subdivided in *those* countries as in Ireland? Simply because the immediate and apparent advantages which such a system promises, are quickly counterbalanced by the evils which follow it. There is a greater promise of rent, perhaps, in the multiplication of tenants; but what security has the landlord for payment? and what deterioration must not the land suffer, when occupied by those who have neither cattle nor capital to improve it! These effects prevent the infinite subdivision of property in other countries, where the obvious mischiefs of the system contravene the perverse spirit of the law which encourages it. Take away, then, the great temptation which the Irish landlord has to subdivide, in granting emancipation, and you relieve Ireland not only from the evil which is the immediate subject of this letter, but from what may be truly considered as the great source of all her miseries,—the unnatural increase of a starving and barbarous population.

‘Such solid blessings, however, as would follow from this boon are not seen by men who, under the influence of rage and terror, dream of the pope and the devil, and bulls, and heaven knows what; as if it were to

verify the lines of Dryden, who says,

"Choler adust congeals the blood with fear:

Then black *bull's* toss us, and black *devils* tear."

While, however, they are threatening us with these visionary terrors, without being able to point out one rational ground of alarm, should the measure we advocate be carried, they tell us forsooth that the benefits proposed are vague and impossible. We deny the fact; we say, that emancipation will civilize Ireland, and relieve England from much future danger, and present burdens. When *Horatio* says,

"I wonder what it bodes:"

I reply,

'Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,

And lawful rule and right supremacy,

And to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?"

'In addressing these few lines to you on a subject, on the main points of which we, at least, I believe, think alike, I have, as you will have observed, avoided all general arguments on the subject. This has been too often discussed, for me to imagine that I can add any new matter to the heap, or cast any new light on the facts and reasonings which have been accumulated.'

In this moment of exultation, perhaps, the Catholics may feel half inclined to forgive this friendly abuse; for Mr. Rose's letter, amidst much confusion of idea, and great misrepresentation, contains some truth, and a very cogent argument, not exactly founded on his facts, why the Catholics should be emancipated.

We shall say nothing of Mr. Rose's mistakes in political economy, with the first principles of which he is evidently unacquainted, and shall overlook altogether his statistics, that we may the sooner notice his strictures on the Catholic clergy. This useful body of men have been not unaptly compared to the poor man and his ass, for it is their misfortune, whatever they may do, never to please their Protestant countrymen. If they confine themselves to the discharge of their more immediate and spiritual du-

ties, they are represented as enemies of the state, who carry on their plots in privacy and darkness, and if they come before the country and take a part in public proceedings, they are accused of making use of their spiritual influence for the purpose of misdirecting the people. Perhaps the more dignified way would be to leave this silly petulance unnoticed, and to hold on steadily in their course, unmindful of the bigot's sarcasm, and careless of the Orangeman's anger.

Were the most besotted Eldonite in England told that the Greek clergy, by making common and patriotic exertions, could secure the independence of their country, yet refused to stir, what would he say? On the other hand, if told that they were to be seen encouraging and urging on the Greeks, would he not applaud their conduct? Yet why condemn the Catholic clergy of Ireland? Is it not simply because they are Irish priests? Would they not deserve the execration of mankind if they refused to lend their aid in forwarding the interest of their country? Would they not as men, for though priests they are still men, merit the utmost contempt if they did not feel their political degradation, and endeavour to escape from it?

But their conduct does not stand in need of defence; it has been natural and patriotic, and deserves to be considered apart from election politics. We have all heard the incessant charge made against the Catholic clergy as being everywhere the friends of arbitrary power, as the enemies of all beneficial change in the state. This could not be wholly denied, because Catholicism had become almost everywhere the religion of the state; and, of course, its teachers, like the teachers of Protestantism in England at present, were averse to any measure that would make them more useful or less wealthy. The fault was not in the religion, but in human nature; and the course pursued by the Irish priesthood has demonstrated, that Catholicity is independent of temporalities, and that its professors can be liberal and patriotic. The revival of literature and piety in Europe was owing to the former

priesthood of Ireland; and we are greatly mistaken if Europe does not hereafter refer to the writings and conduct of the Irish priesthood of the present day as proofs of what clergymen ought to be, and what Catholicism really is.

We have abstained from making any allusion to the conduct of the Protestant clergy during the late election, because any impropriety in them would not justify similar conduct in the Catholic priests.

In the abstract we have great objection to the appearance of a clergyman on the hustings at all, unless he comes there as a freeholder; but there are times when we cannot only pardon but commend it. It is certainly true that Catholic priests did use their influence in Ireland to forward the cause of independence, and for that they have our thanks; and it is equally true that they did so as *priests*, because an Irishman and a priest happened to be one and the same person. If we could cut an idea in two, we might tell how much of a priest's influence belonged to the politician, and how much to the clergyman.

It is quite absurd to suppose, in case of Ireland being emancipated, that the Catholic clergy would act as they have recently done. In the first place, they would want a motive, and, in the second place, their influence depends upon their acting in uniformity with the wishes of the people. Now, whatever the people wish must be politically right, and the moment the priest ceases to pull with the people, his influence is gone, so that all dread of spiritual influence is mere moonshine. Emancipation once granted, the freeholder will, in nine cases out of ten, vote according to his interest, and were the priest to meddle with him, he would be treated just as Protestant clergymen were lately treated at Guildford and other places in England. Let the priest's motive, no matter what his religion, be an individual one, and, in a temporal point of view, his influence is gone. We do not know how, in case of emancipation, the Catholic clergyman could solicit a vote but through a personal motive. Religion would be out of the question; for parliament then

would have nothing to do with polemic questions.

The forty shilling freeholders are, in Mr. Rose's estimation, the very refuse of the 'rabble,' the very 'scum' of the people. Yet we will not hesitate to assert that, comparatively speaking, there were as many *independent* votes given during the late election in Ireland as in England, and that, with the exception of Galway, the conduct of the people was quite as orderly and constitutional. But the people of Ireland have been so long vilified by their friends, so often misrepresented by her enemies, that it is no wonder a stranger like Mr. Rose should have been deceived, yet as he seems to have depended principally upon the newspapers for his facts, we are surprised that he should have dwelt so long upon the atrocities of the Galway mob, and overlooked altogether the proceedings at Preston, Coventry, and Reading. Who has not heard of the blues and the yellows at Westmorland, their clubs and their regular set-to's? But the thing which in England is quite right and proper, is altogether wrong and detestable in Ireland. Why should Mr. Rose's gorge rise against the Irish forty shilling freeholders? They are, at least, as independent, and are certainly not more numerous, than the 'rabble' which enjoys the elective franchise in his own country; for in several places, Preston for instance, it amounts almost to universal suffrage, and in every place the freeholders, real and mushroom, are dragged to the hustings by their landlords, scarcely ever intimating by their conduct that they are free agents.

But this, we suppose, is quite right. Were they to imitate the Irish forty shilling freeholders, they would be represented by the George Roses of the Treasury as rebels. There is little fear, however, of any such display of independence; and we thought that the conduct of the Irish freeholders would have disabused the public of the erroneous opinions entertained respecting them. We were partially mistaken; and how could it be otherwise, since one of the Catholic leaders had the folly to put forth the following last month in a contemporary.

'The Irish forty shilling freeholder is therefore not the proprietor of the soil, and consequently has neither the education, nor the habits, nor the independence which such a possession implies. His condition, indeed, is far below that of the English day-labourer: for the landlord, in granting these leases, is not governed by the agricultural necessities of the estate, but by an ambitious desire to increase his own political influence; and he looks to ministerial gratitude for making good those losses which he sustains from a too numerous and inefficient tenantry. To make a freeholder, is, besides, to create a family; and a wife and three or four children are an usual appendage to this *species of cattle*. The artificial increase in the population of the country, of course, raises the rents; and the freeholder, compelled to give more for the land than it is worth, is bound hand and foot to the landlord by his inability to pay. To the Englishman who desires a sensible image to guide him to a correct notion concerning the Irish forty shilling freeholder, the itinerant harvestmen, who annually emigrate from the sister island, afford a pretty accurate type. Such, in general, is their exterior; such the rags in which they are clothed; and such their haggard countenance of mixed ferocity and starvation. Their actual possession is often—nothing: at best, a pig or a cow is the utmost of their havings. With no other

available source of maintenance than the potatoe they cultivate,—their sole chance of subsistence lies in the permanence of their holding. The sheet-anchor of their hope lies in the forbearance of their landlords, and in the merciful assertion of those pecuniary claims, which it is all but impossible for the tenant to satisfy. The Irish gentleman therefore has, up to the present election, considered his freeholders as much his property, as his sheep: they were driven to the hustings with as little ceremony as the beast is to the market.'

This is a mere repetition of the old familiar cant-phrases * about the miserable condition of the Irish peasantry. We thought that we should have little more to say on this subject, particularly as events have borne us out in the observations we felt it our duty to make. We have shown that the peasantry of Ireland are quite as well off as any peasantry in Europe; and at this moment, bad as their condition may be, they are far less distressed than the manufacturing operatives of the empire.

It is a great mistake, and one perpetually made by the people of Ireland, to infer misery from certain appearances, because these appearances are usually identified with poverty. Mr. Cobbett has asserted, that the English peasantry were much happier previous to the Reformation than they have been since. In this opinion we agree, but the cause was a very

* We are glad to find that our efforts to promote right thinking in this respect are beginning to produce their effect. Mr. Eneas M'Donnell, who, some years ago, was as full of this national cant as any of the 'counsellors,' has changed his opinion. Speaking of the unpatriotic conduct of Irishmen in depreciating their country, he observes, 'Often, very often, my good friends, when far removed from these scenes of my youth, have I dwelt with shame and pain upon the contemplation of this detestable, and alas! too prevalent habit of our countrymen. They are greatly mistaken when they imagine such conduct is approved by strangers. On the contrary, it excites unmitigated contempt and disgust. But, I thank my God, that I can, with perfect sincerity, and I speak advisedly, declare, that I already anticipate a general change from that bad habit, among all my countrymen, without religious distinction; for, in the maintenance of our country's honourable fame, we are all equally concerned; and it would be the greatest mistake imaginable to suppose, that we elevate ourselves in the estimation of good men of any other country by vilifying or disregarding our own. The truly glorious attestations to her merits, which I have selected from a mass of foreign, and particularly and principally British Protestant writers, must satisfy every man, that among those writers there could have existed no disposition to promote or encourage the vilification of Ireland. It is a very painful duty, however, to add, that I cannot make the same boast on behalf of certain British Catholic writers of the present day. I refer more particularly at this moment to an esteemed personal friend, against whose omissions I remonstrated, and which, contrary to expectation, have not as yet been rectified.'

different one from that put forth in the catch-penny history. Religion had little to do with it; for it proceeded directly from the habits of the people, approximating closely to what we witness at the present day among the Irish peasantry.

'In the olden time,' says Harrison, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, 'the houses of the Britons were slightly set up with a few posts, and many radels (*hurdles*), with stable and all offices under one roof; the like whereof almost is to be seen in the fenny countries and northern parts unto this day, where, for lack of wood, they are enforced to continue this ancient manner of building.—So in the open and champaign countries, they are enforced, for want of stuff, to use no *studs* * at all, but only frank-posts,'—'and such principals; with here and there a girding, whereunto they fasten their splints or radels, and then cast it all over with thick clay, to keep out the wind, which otherwise would annoy them. Certes, this rude kind of building made the Spaniards in Queen Mary's days to wonder, but chiefly when they saw what large diet was used in many of these so homely cottages; inso-much that one of no small reputation amongst them said after this manner: "These English," quoth he, "have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king."'

'We have already seen,' says Mr. Ellis, 'that glazed windows† are always mentioned by our early poets with an air of affectation which evinces their rarity; so that we are not surprised at being told that the yeomen and farmers were perfectly contented with windows of lattice. Rooms provided with chimnies are also noticed as a luxury by the author of *Pierce Ploughman*: but it is difficult to read with gravity the sagacious observations of Harrison on the ill conse-

quences attending the enjoyment of warmth without the risk of suffocation. "Now," says he, "have we many chimnies, and yet our tenderlings complain of rheums, catarrhs, and poses (*colds in the head*). Then had we none but *reredosses*,‡ and our heads did never ache. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the *quacke* (*ague?*) or *pose*; wherewith, as then, very few were oft acquainted."

'After witnessing the indignation which the author has vented against the "tenderlings" of his time, the reader may possibly learn with some surprise, that, from the latter end of the thirteenth to near the sixteenth century, persons of all ranks, and of both sexes, were universally in the habit of sleeping quite naked. This custom is often alluded to by Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and all our ancient writers. In the *Squire of Low Degree* there is a curious instance:

—"she rose, that lady dear,

"To take her leave of that squyere

"All so naked as she was born,

"She stood her chamber-door before."

'In houses,' continues Mr. Ellis, 'of which the walls were made of clay, and the floors of the same materials, and where the stabling was under the same roof with the dwelling rooms, the furniture was not likely to be costly. Of this the author just quoted received from some ancient neighbours the following description; "Our fathers (yea and we ourselves also) have lien full oft upon straw pallets, on rough mats, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets maid of *dogswain*, or *hopharlots* § (I use their own terms), and a good round log under their heads, instead of a bolster or pillow. If it were so that our fathers, or the good man of the house, had, within seven years

* The upright beams. Sax.

† Anderson (*History of Commerce*, vol. I. p. 90, edit. 1764) says, that they were first introduced into England in 1180.

‡ This word is sometimes used to express some *part* of a chimney, and sometimes a substitute for one. It seems to mean a plate of iron, or perhaps a coating of brick, to enable the wall to resist the flame.

§ *dag*. Sax. (from whence *daggle* or *draggle*) any thing pendent, a *shred*. The term therefore seems to mean any *patched materials*, like those worn by the poorest country people.

after his marriage, purchased a mattress or flock bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town; that, peradventure, lay seldom in a bed of down or whole feathers."—"As for servants, if they had any sheet above them, it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies, to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvass of the pallet, and rased their hardened hides."

We have already said that Mr. Cobbett's description of English living previous to the Reformation was a perfect fancy-piece, and was calculated to impose upon none but the most ignorant; for if a labouring man could earn the price of a sheep in a few days, where was the necessity of monasteries distributing food? If Mr. Cobbett's statement were true, all almsgiving was not only unnecessary, but mischievous, inasmuch as it could not fail to encourage idleness and beggary. But the truth is, Mr. Cobbett's authorities are very dubious ones; for Fortescue's description was mere hyperbole, and totally unsupported by his cotemporaries. The labouring poor were always one-half of the year idle, and would have been glad to work for a bare subsistence; yet, when their own crops came round, they could hardly be persuaded to work for any sum; and this accounts for the high rate at which wages were fixed by the parliament.

Mr. Cobbett has told us that every man in the olden time could have meat in his pot; if he could it was but very seldom; for, as he admits that the population was then as numerous as it is now, he has not told us where the meat was fed. A little arithmetic would show the folly of his assertion; for the truth is, all the land in England and Ireland, with all the advantage of modern husbandry, would hardly feed enough of

animals to give each person in the community half-a-pound of meat daily, to say nothing of bread or vegetables. A knowledge of this little fact will always serve to expose the ignorance of such writers as Cobbett, who impose upon the public by Utopian statements. To us it appears very questionable if animal food should be eaten at all. That it can never be constantly eaten by the bulk of mankind, or by the population of any country, is easily demonstrated.

Nor did even the farmers in the middle of the fourteenth century eat meat constantly. In *Pierce Ploughman*,* who represents a farmer of that day, we have the following passage:—

' *Bihote†* God! (quod Hunger) hence
ne will I wend
Till I have dined by this day, and drunken
both.

"I have no penny, (quod Pierce) pul-
lets for to buy,

Ne neither goose, ne *grys*‡ but two green
cheeses,

A few curds, and cream, and an *haver-*
cake §

And two loaves of beans and bran, bake
for my folk.

And yet, || I say by my soul, I have no salt
bacon,

Ne no *cokeney*, ¶ by Christ! collops for to
make.

And I have parsley, and *porets*, ** and many
coleplants,

And eke a cow and a calf, and a cart-
mare

To draw a field my dung the while the
drought lasteth;

And by this *live-lod* I must live 'till Lam-
mas time.

By that, I hope to have harvest in my
croft;

And then I may *dight††* my dinner as my
dear liketh.

' And all the poor people *tho* peas-cods
fet;

Beans and baken apples they brought in
her laps,

Chyboles, ‡‡ and chervil, and ripe cherries
many,

And proffer'd Pierce this present to please
with Hunger.'

* Written by Robert Langland, a secular priest.

† If God permit?

‡ Gryce, pig. Bannatyne Gloss.

§ Oat-cake.

|| Still farther.

¶ Cook.

** Leeks, Fr.

†† "Dress my dinner as me pleaseth."

‡‡ *Ciboule*. Fr. *cipolla*. Ital. a species of onion.

DR. MILNER IN HIS LATTER YEARS.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is a natural, perhaps a laudable, curiosity inherent in the human mind to become acquainted with any thing, however trifling it may be, connected with the great and good. That the lamented Dr. Milner is fully entitled to both these epithets the unanimous voice of his contemporaries, of whatever profession in religion, or complexion in politics, has established; and the judgment of posterity, when the future sons of the British Catholic Church shall look upon the lengthened vista of past times, and amongst the many glorious columns that shall protract the view, they shall behold the massive form of MILNER, peering above all in the majesty of his strength, will, without doubt, ratify the decree.

I had the happiness of enjoying many opportunities of intercourse with this illustrious ornament of the English Church, towards the decline of his life, and consequently there are many traits of character floating on my mind, which perhaps it will be useful to collect; and, as the minutest details relating to the 'illustrious dead' are interesting, to present them to the public. It is not my intention to anticipate the labours of his biographer,—and let me remark, by the way, that a regular biography of Dr. Milner is a great desideratum in the literature of the Catholic body—but rather to assist them, by putting upon record circumstances which will serve, in a subordinate degree, to individualize his character and sentiments, with which I was both edified and instructed.

The hand of age was heavy upon his lordship when I had the good fortune to be introduced to him; his body had lost that vigour, and his mind that elasticity, for which, I am informed, he was so remarkable in the former periods of life;—he was a ruin of a once noble edifice, but a ruin, like his own loved wrecks of Gothic architecture, strong in its hoariness, and venerable in decay. His conversation was, in general, flowing and easy; replete with matter of

September, 1826.

the most improving kind, and frequently gemmed with very apposite quotations from the classics, with which his mind was richly stored; his delivery was forcible and striking, and not unfrequently accompanied with vigorous gesticulation. There were but few subjects that could elevate him above his usual tone of strong and nervous enunciation; but there was one string, to the action of which he was acutely sensible—one topic which, with the velocity of the electric fluid, could in an instant light up with the most vivid animation his time-worn features, and, chasing the cold glaze of age from his eye, fire it with all the vivacity of youth;—I need scarcely add that I allude to the subject of the *veto*, and the interference of laics in the domestic economy of the Church. I was once in company with his lordship when this subject was started; the venerable prelate was immediately all animation; as if he had received a sudden inspiration, he rose, all at once, into a sublime strain of impetuous declamation; his body seemed to partake of the strong feelings with which his mind was impelled; his hands rose and fell in the most vigorous action, and the whole man appeared swelled with the subject, as, with his eyes lifted towards heaven, and a boldness of manner which strongly reminded me of the martyrs of the primitive ages, he emphatically declared that 'he would rather that moment walk forth to the block, and drench the ground with his blood, than consent to that execrable measure.'

It may be proper here to remark that, however strongly, this unbending champion of the independence of the British hierarchy reprobated the subservient measures of the conforming portion of the Catholic body, as men he always spoke of them with the greatest kindness and charity; to all that was laudable he freely gave his meed of approbation, and with St. Augustine, whose character he imitated in many other leading features, he personally loved the delinquents,

whilst he unremittingly opposed their errors. Great as had been the insults which he had received at the hands of his opponents, and unblushing as had been their conduct, in many instances, towards him as a minister of religion, he uniformly bore it as a minister of that religion which preached 'peace on earth;' and whilst he found it his duty not to remove those barriers, against which the efforts of the *vetoists* boiled with such fretful waves, his mind was too great to suffer him for a moment to indulge in the language of recrimination; he stood aloof in dignified silence, and allowed the 'sea of troubles,' with which he was at one time surrounded, to lash itself into quietude and repose. Bitter, indeed, must be the reflections of many of his opponents, when they look back to such scenes as the committee-room of the Catholic board once presented, when they had the ungentlemanly—I had almost said the sacrilegious—rudeness to turn out this venerable prelate from the meeting, now that they begin to see him, so soon after his lamented death, begun to be canonized in the memories of the good and the wise, and themselves handed down to eternal infamy for their little less than persecuting opposition.

His lordship's patience of research, even to the last, was admirable. I remember, at the time when he entered the lists of controversy with such complete success against Dr. Grier, the 'vicar of Templebodane,'—I beg his pardon, the 'first chaplain to his excellency the Lord Lieutenant,'—who accused him of 'garbling' a passage, or quoting one that was not to be found in one of the Greek fathers, I think St. Chrysostome, that Dr. Milner's extreme sensitiveness on the point of accuracy was wounded. He knew that he was correct in the drift of his quotation, but he did not exactly remember the precise part from which he had made the extract: I shall never forget the determined resolution with which he set himself to rummage through some twenty massive tomes, and the tone of exultation with which, like the Syracusan sage, he exclaimed, *Eureka*, when, after a laborious search, he at length hit upon the desired passage.

His habits of study were regular

and unremitting: every day saw some addition to that vast accumulation of knowledge, which his long life had been so assiduously spent in acquiring. Architecture, particularly the solemn and stately Gothic, was one of his most favourite pursuits; how well he succeeded in it the learned article upon that subject in Rees's *Cyclopædia* can bear ample testimony. A stated portion of his day was, in a general way, dedicated to a lecture of theology, and he always seemed to make it a point never to let the multiplicity of his business interfere with his spiritual exercises. When upon an occasional visit at St. Mary's College, Oscott,—an establishment which has grown up under his hands, and which every day gives increased promise of becoming the worthy offspring of so great a parent,—his attention, I am informed, at all the devotions of the house was scrupulously exact, and never would he allow the privileges of age to plead an exemption, till the weakness of his frame absolutely prevented him from giving vent to the warm feelings of his heart in the house of prayer.

Politics had but a small share in the conversation of Dr. Milner, except inasmuch as they were connected with the object nearest his heart—the interests of the Church. It will be remembered that I am here speaking of Dr. Milner in the last stage of his course;—in the earlier periods of life, as his official capacity naturally led him amongst statesmen and state measures, he spoke more freely upon topics resulting from such associations. In the course of his eventful career he had interviews with all the leading men of the day; and, however ungrateful his insensibility to the arts of ministerial titillation may have been, the sterling integrity of his character was admired by all, and his uncompromising advocacy of independence listened to with respect. Of the talents of Mr. Cobbett he always spoke in terms of the highest commendation; in one instance he styled him 'the Achilles of modern literature,' and on another occasion he gave it as his opinion, 'that Mr. C.'s *History of the Reformation*' had produced more powerful effects than all the works of controversy that had been written since that mis-

numbered event. The admiration of these two powerful writers was mutual: about the commencement of Mr. C.'s historical labours, his lordship wrote to him to thank him for his exertions, and at the same time to point out to him some sources of information that would be useful to him in his undertaking; Mr. Cobbett immediately acknowledged the favour, and begged leave to assure Dr. Milner that he valued the commendation of the historiographer of Winchester, and the author of 'Letters to a Prebendary,' more than that of any other man in the kingdom. The abilities of Mr. O'Connell, though once a violent opponent, were always a subject of admiration with his lordship; when in company with the deputation, Mr. O'C. called upon him at Wolverhampton, he was received with marked attention, though the primitive simplicity of Dr. Milner's habits prevented any sumptuous display of it. It was on this memorable occasion that, aware, from his own experience, of the lubricious ground upon which he would have to stand, and fearing for the impetuous warmth of an Irish heart, and the unsuspecting frankness of an Irish orator, unaccustomed as he was to the Machiavelian wiles of a court, which Mr. Cobbett, on a similar occasion, designated 'a hell, where he would have devils to deal with,' the venerable prelate, with a fatherly solicitude, and almost a prophetic discernment, earnestly entreated the representative of Ireland's wishes, and the organ of Ireland's hopes, 'to beware of feasts and flattery.' He was a Mentor to this young Telemachus in English politics; but London possessed a Calypso, in the shape of parasitical adulation, that could remove from his mind the cautions of his sage monitor, and make him for a moment forget the high destinies to which he was so gloriously advancing. Dr. Milner, as must every friend of *unqualified* emancipation, feelingly deplored the false steps into which, in the delusion of his political intoxication, Mr. O'Connell was led; but, at the same time, he was far from attributing to him that malignity of purpose with which some of the opponents of the ill-fated 'wings' have charged him; he gave him full credit for the purity

of his motives, and looked upon his acts of aberrancy from strict integrity of principle, with the eye with which a mild moralist considers the hundred follies of a youth who, unacquainted with the strength of his wine, for the first time, is the victim, rather than the author, of excess, and, in the excitement of the moment, commits actions over which his returning consciousness weeps, and which his sober reason condemns.

Like Lord Byron, Dr. Milner was an excellent swimmer; the broad and sturdy conformation of his frame rendered him peculiarly adapted for this exercise. A few years ago, he happened to be at Yarmouth during the summer season; he had not enjoyed the luxury of an immersion in the briny tide for a considerable period, and the broad expanse before him strongly tempted him to mount its curling breakers. He was too primitive in his habits, and too enamoured of the gratification of a free and fearless range in the 'wild world of waters' to confine himself to the narrow precincts of a bathing-machine; he accordingly undressed himself upon the beach, and boldly dashing into the foaming tide, swam, without stopping, about three miles into the sea. Some boatmen were plying in the neighbourhood, and seeing his white locks floating in disorder, on the surface of the water, conceived him to be some person in distress. They immediately rowed towards him, and proffered their assistance; the doctor, with the greatest composure, looked up at them, and briefly informing them that he was very comfortable, and did not stand in need of their help, swam back to the shore.

If there be a period more likely than another to try the strength of a person's belief in any particular set of doctrines, or the sincerity of his motives of action, it is certainly the awful moment when, standing upon the verge of the grave, he descries in the darkling distance the portals of eternity unfolding themselves to his view. How often, in the days when the decision of a dubious cause was left to the ordeal of battle, have we heard of the mailed knight, after having fought with all the enthusiasm of chivalry in defence of the position

which he had advanced, and hurled defiance, and the indignant lie, at his adversary from his good lance's point, confessing, when at length the fatal blow has made him measure his length upon the purpled sand of the tilt-yard, that the charges which he had made were but a tissue of falsehoods by which he had sought his opponent's life, or endeavoured to secure some darling object of his ambition? But not so with the illustrious MILNER; throughout a long life 'he had fought the good fight;' he had wielded a spear more formidable to the enemies of truth than that of any of his contemporaries, or predecessors; he had gained laurels in numberless glorious fields, and when the finger of time told him that his hour was at hand, he looked back at the past without a single misgiving for the truth of the cause which he had defended; he looked forward to the future, and the prospect was gladdened with confidence and hope. An attack had been made upon some statements advanced by his lordship in his 'End of Religious Controversy;' the letter in which it was contained reached him in his last sickness, and from his death-bed he penned a reply. It is so confirmatory of the observations which I have just been making, and, at the same time, so interesting, as being the last which a powerful, and justly popular writer ever submitted to the public, that, I feel convinced, my readers will thank me for inserting it.

To the Rev. John Garbet, M. A.

Rev. Sir,—I return you thanks for

the copy of the printed letter which you have sent to me, and intended to publish some remarks upon it, but I find my health too bad, and myself too near to that awful moment when we must, each of us, give an account of the conduct with respect to every fellow-creature with whom we have been in any way connected, to be able to write any more for the public. I must, therefore, satisfy myself with assuring you that I have, in my opinion, sufficient grounds for every assertion which I have made in my 'End of Religious Controversy,' concerning the sentiments of several divines of the Church of England and others; and that I am convinced that it is no *calumny*, but rather a commendation, to say that they entered, or sought to enter, at the close of their lives, into the 'one sheepfold of the one Shepherd.' If you look around you, sir, you will find many instances of this occurring in your own neighbourhood; and, if you inquire, you will hear of other persons in a superior rank of life, besides the late Sir John Hippenley, who have professed the strictest adherence to the established religion during life, yet have sent for a Catholic priest to attend them in their last sickness. I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant,
J. MILNER.
March 17, 1826.

Such was the last coruscation of one of the greatest minds with which our nether world has been for some time enlightened. On the 19th of April Dr. Milner was no more!

R.

ON LEAVING DUNLEARY.

FAREWELL ye green waves by whose brink I have wandered,
And saw the bright sun spread your surface with gold;
Farewell lovely scene, which at evening I pondered,
When silvered by moonlight the white surges rolled.
No more shall I see from afar the sail gliding,
O'er the wide waste of waters commissioned to roam;
Nor behold the light bark in the ocean confiding,
Nor gaze from the cliff on the broad sheets of foam.
Adieu, ye pure breezes, so fresh from the billow,
With the blessing of health on your soft cooling wing;
And the washed pebbly shore that at noon was my pillow;
I must sigh an adieu, where my wishes still cling.
No more shall I hear the wild roar of the ocean;
Nor float on its surface with each wave to rise;
Nor gaze with delight on its undulous motion—
Yet home still is dear, and its pleasures I prize.

J. B.

• WHY ARE THE PEOPLE STARVING?

SIMPLY because man has impiously thought himself wiser than his Creator; and dared to attempt improving what the Almighty had perfected. The rebel giants were crushed for presuming to scale the Heavens; and our pigmy race has been punished—most effectually punished—for having undertaken to make this earth a paradise—a kind of manufacturing El-dorado.

It is a singular fact, that pious people seem generally very unwilling to place much reliance on Providence. Human laws and human institutions are every thing with them: the inquisition, and religious persecution, originated in this unamiable and narrow feeling; and the sad and deplorable consequences which have invariably followed, as well as the total inefficacy of the cruel measures resorted to, do not seem to have disabused the Christians of the present day of their prejudices and false notions. The strong arm of the law is still called for, under the infamous pretence of securing happiness to man, and obedience to God! And yet these are pious men—in common parlance, good men, and worshipped by thousands as wise and patriotic men. Above all they are regarded as men devoted to God, filled with the love of God, and thought every way obedient to the will of God! Yet what are they but pious rebels, who have usurped the prerogative of the Almighty;—who give us their own interpretation of what every man who has eyes can read—we do not mean the Bible, but the great volume of nature. Their work is always before us; and it is in it that God is seen to best advantage, while it is from His magnificent creations that we must estimate His intentions.

It was well said by the wise man, that a knowledge of God was the beginning of wisdom. Design indicates purpose; and, as the mechanism of this world displays an admirable adaption to the attainment of one end, namely, the happiness of mankind, we have a right to infer—to be assured, that human happiness is agreeable to the Almighty. Few

men have ever doubted of this, yet nearly all men have acted as if they did not believe it, as if they considered the reverse to be the case. How else could they have overlooked the plain and obvious conclusion, that if God desired our happiness, He took care to secure it to us, and in a way which we could not miss, unless by running counter to His designs. It is equally obvious, that He would not leave this dependant on the wisdom of any created being, because man is a creature of free-will, and consequently liable to be deceived and to deceive. Air and water are necessary to existence, but they are dispensed without the interference of human wisdom. We can, however, be excluded from both by human interference, and we die; and in the same way, though the means of happiness are profusely scattered around us—though they are perpetually within our reach, we can be deprived of them all by arbitrary power, or ignorant legislators, and misery ensues.

There can be no effect without a cause. What then is the cause of all the misery which now peoples Europe? It proceeds either from God or man. It cannot be from the former, because there is no want of those things, the possession of which constitutes happiness—all our misery proceeds from their improper distribution. To man, therefore, the evil is to be attributed; but as governments have long since deprived him of his free agency—as they have enveloped him with laws, and edicts, and regulations, not he but his rulers are to be held accountable for the state of things of which we and Europe complain. It is all owing, we are told, to the want of good laws, meaning wise commercial regulations; but we answer, it is all owing to laws which have been accounted wise. The bolstering, prohibiting system of Europe, so long a favourite with legislators, has generated monopolies, custom-houses, revenue officers, taxes, wars, and famines. God and nature have been forgotten, overlooked, despised, while society has grown into an artificial

monster, that feeds upon individual and national happiness.

The advocates of the prohibitory system cannot produce a single instance where their favourite measures have not ultimately terminated in national bankruptcy, always preceded and followed by individual suffering. If we are told that wisdom might have averted these, we answer that it has never done so; and without proving that it never could do so, it will be sufficient to observe that nations have uniformly been happier the nearer they have approached to that state of things where man is allowed to do what he pleases, provided he does not injure his neighbour. If this be true—and it cannot be controverted—the obvious conclusion is that government has nothing to do but administer justice, and consequently protect the person and property of the subject. Were this simple truth generally known taxation would be limited indeed, and the business of ‘absolute wisdom’ might be transacted in a few hours annually. We should have no commercial wars, no contention for territory, and no monopolists. We should have no misery but that which a gracious Providence chose to inflict upon us.

Man is the creature of necessity, and society is the consequence of individual self-love. We have heard much from Locke, Rousseau and others about original compacts of men agreeing to live together, but it is all nonsense. Men live together because they could not, if they would, live separate. The deserts are filled with wild animals, placed there apparently for no use but to *force* men to live together, for the purpose of self-defence; and that all men might be brought to live in peace and amity with each other, we find the productive powers of nature so limited, and so peculiar to certain portions of the globe, that the inhabitants of one country have absolutely an interest in the welfare and labour of all other countries, because they are made—no matter whether from habit or nature—to have a taste for, and a desire to possess, the peculiar productions of other nations. Tea comes from the east, and sugar from the west; tobacco from America, and

silk from Bengal. These are only a few of the articles which may now be called absolute necessities; and, consequently, any obstacle thrown in the way of individuals who are desirous to possess them is vexation; and to make him pay a higher price for them than he need do is tyranny, in its very worst and most mischievous shape.

We thus find that commerce will exist without any legislative interference; and that the natural wants and desires of men will be always sufficient to make them industrious, and adventurous. The world is but one great family of nations, and the inequalities and aqueous divisions of the globe, so far from causing a separation, only serve to unite them more closely, when not inflamed and pitted against each other by their respective governments.

‘The influence of commerce,’ says a modern economist, ‘in giving increased efficacy to labour, and augmenting national wealth, may be easily illustrated. Thus, in the case of the intercourse, or territorial division of labour, carried on between England and Portugal, it is plain that the superiority of the wool of England, our command of coals, of skilful workmen, of improved machinery, and of all the instruments of manufacturing industry, enables us to produce cloth at a much cheaper rate than the Portuguese: but, on the other hand, the soil and climate of Portugal being peculiarly favourable for the cultivation and growth of the grape, she is enabled to produce wine at an infinitely cheaper rate than it can be produced here. And hence it is obvious, that England, by confining herself to the manufacture of cloth, in which she has a natural advantage on her side, and exchanging it with the Portuguese for wine, will obtain a vastly larger supply of that commodity than if she had attempted to cultivate the grape at home: and Portugal, by exchanging her wine for the cloth of England, will, on her part, obtain a much greater quantity of cloth than if she had attempted to counteract the intention of nature, by converting a portion of her capital and industry from the raising of wine, in which she has an advantage, to the

manufacture of cloth, in which the advantage is on the side of another.'

Not many months since, on passing through Lincoln's-inn Fields, we stopped to listen to Mr. Cobbett, who at the moment happened to be dispensing, from a coal-waggon, wisdom to the mob. Among other things he told them that free-trade would ruin England; 'for,' said this sapient oracle, 'the carcase butcher has a profit when he sells meat to the retail butcher, and the retail butcher has his profit when he sells to a gentleman; but as there is no nation of gentlemen, there can be no profit in commerce, unless we secure it by prohibitions.' And the people, poor things! shouted, forgetting that the butcher cares not a farthing to whom he sells, whether porter or gentleman, provided he gets his price.

This was something like the sophism of the French economists noted by Mr. McCulloch. 'How,' they asked, can the wealth of a country be increased by giving equal values for equal values? They admitted, that commerce made a *better distribution* of the wealth of the world; but as it did nothing more than exchange one sort of wealth for another, they denied that it could ever make any addition to its amount. At first sight, this sophistical and delusive statement appears sufficiently conclusive; but a very few words will be sufficient to demonstrate its fallacy. The advantage of commerce does not consist in its enabling any of the parties who carry it on to obtain commodities of greater value than those they brought to market. It may have cost as much, or more, to produce the cloth with which the English merchant purchases the wine of Portugal, as it did to produce the latter. But then, it must be observed, that in making the exchange *the value of the wine is estimated by what it takes to produce it in Portugal*, which has peculiar natural capabilities for that species of industry, and *not* by what it would take to produce it in England were the trade put an end to; and, in like manner, the value of the cloth is estimated by what it takes to produce it in England, and not by what it

would cost to produce it in Portugal. The advantage of the intercourse between the two countries consists in this, that it enables each of them to obtain commodities, for the production of which they have no natural capability, and which it would, therefore, cost a comparatively large sum to produce directly at home, for what it costs to produce them under the most favourable circumstances, and with the least possible expense. The gain of the one party is not the loss of the other; both of them are benefited by this intercourse, for it enables both of them to save labour and expense in the production of commodities; and, in consequence, the wealth of the two countries is not only better distributed, but it is also greatly increased by the territorial division of labour established between them.

'To set this important principle in a clearer point of view, let us suppose that in England a given number of men can, in a given time, manufacture 10,000 yards of cloth, and raise 1000 quarters of wheat, and that the same number of men can, in the same time, manufacture in Poland 5000 yards of cloth and raise 2000 quarters of wheat. It is plain, that the establishment of a free intercourse between the two countries would, under these circumstances, enable England, by manufacturing cloth and exporting it to Poland, to obtain *twice* the quantity of corn in exchange for a given expenditure of capital and labour that she could obtain in return for the same expenditure directly laid out in the cultivation of land at home; and Poland would, on the other hand, be enabled to obtain *twice* as much cloth in exchange for her corn as she could have done had she attempted directly to manufacture it. How ridiculous then to contend, that commerce is not a means of adding to the efficacy of labour, and, consequently, of increasing wealth! Were the intercourse between England and Portugal, and the West Indies, put an end to, it would require, at the very least, a hundred, or perhaps a thousand times the expense to produce Port wine, sugar, and coffee, directly in this country, that it does to produce the equivalents sent to Portugal

and the West Indies in exchange for them.

'The commerce of one country with another is,' to use the words of Mr. Mill, 'merely an extension of that division of labour by which so many benefits are conferred on the human race. As the same country is rendered richer by the trade of one province with another; as its labour becomes thus infinitely more divided and more productive than it could otherwise have been; and as the mutual interchange of all those commodities which one province has and another wants, multiplies the accommodations and comforts of the whole, and the country becomes thus in a wonderful degree more opulent and happy; so the same beautiful train of consequences is observable in the world at large, that vast empire of which the different kingdoms may be regarded as the provinces. In this magnificent empire, one province is favourable to the production of one species of produce, and another province to another. By their mutual intercourse, mankind are enabled to distribute their labour as best fits the genius of each particular country and people. The industry of the whole is thus rendered incomparably more productive; and every species of necessary, useful, and agreeable accommodation is obtained in much greater abundance, and with infinitely less expense.'

'It cannot be doubted,' continues the author from whom we quote, 'that if either the whole or any considerable portion of an article, in general demand, be imported from abroad, the prevention of such importation will give an immediate advantage to the home producers of the article in question. But it should always be borne in mind that it is not with the interests of any particular class that the legislator ought to concern himself.—The circumstance of restrictions being advantageous to a single class, is not enough to show that they are expedient: to establish this it must also be shown that they are advantageous, or at least not injurious, to the consumers, or, in other words, to the public in general. If restrictions are advantageous to the latter, they ought

to be maintained, but if they are injurious to them, they ought as certainly to be abolished. Consumption is the sole end and purpose of production; and the interests of the producer ought to be attended to only so far as may be necessary for promoting the interests of the consumers.

'We have already seen that no country can possibly employ a greater number of workmen than its capital can feed and maintain. But it is plain that no restrictive regulation can of itself add one single atom to that capital. It may, and indeed most frequently does, divert a portion of it into channels into which it would not otherwise have flowed: this, however, is its *only effect*, and the real question for our consideration is,—whether the artificial direction which is thus given to a portion of the national capital, renders it more or less productive than it would have been, had it been left at liberty to seek out channels of employment for itself?

'In discussing this question it may be observed, in the *first* place, that every individual is constantly exerting himself to find out the most advantageous methods of employing his capital and labour. It is true that it is his *own* advantage, and not that of the society, which he has in view; but as a society is nothing more than an *aggregate collection of individuals*, it is plain that each, in steadily pursuing his own aggrandizement, is following that precise line of conduct which is most for the public advantage. It is a consequence of this principle, that if no particular branches of industry were encouraged more than others, those would be preferred which naturally afforded the greatest facilities for acquiring individual fortunes, and, consequently, for increasing the capital of the country. *Self-interest* is the most powerful stimulus that can be applied to excite the industry, and to sharpen the intellect and ingenuity of man; and no proposition can be more true than that each individual can, in his local situation, judge better what is advantageous and useful for himself than any other person. "The statesman," says Dr. Smith,

"who should attempt to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, would not only load himself with a most unnecessary attention, but assume an authority which could safely be trusted, not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever, and which would no where be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to fancy himself fit to exercise it."

'But, in the *second* place, it is evident, that the prevention of the importation of foreign produce has in effect the consequence, so justly censured by Dr. Smith, of dictating to individuals in what manner they shall employ their capital and labour. If no such preventive regulations existed, no produce would ever be raised in one country that it could import at a cheaper rate from another. The conduct of the society would then be regulated by the same principles that regulate the conduct of each individual in private life; and it is the maxim of every prudent master of a family, not to attempt to make at home what it would cost him more to make than to buy. Each individual avails himself of the peculiar productive powers and capacities of every other individual. The tailor, as Dr. Smith has remarked, does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them from the shoemaker. The shoemaker, on his part, does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. And the farmer makes neither the one nor the other, but exchanges his corn and cattle for the clothes and shoes of these artificers. In all civilized societies, each individual finds it for his advantage to employ his industry in some particular business; and to exchange a part of his peculiar produce for such parts of the produce of the industry of others as he may have occasion for. And it is certainly no easy matter to discover why that conduct which is universally admitted to be wise and proper in individuals, should be foolish and absurd in the case of a state,—that is, in the case of the total number of individuals inhabiting a particular tract of country!

'It must be remembered that the utmost freedom of commerce will

not enable foreigners to supply us with those commodities that can be as cheaply produced here as in other countries. Home producers have always great advantages over foreigners. The price of their commodities is not enhanced by the expense of conveyance from distant countries, and they are intimately and familiarly acquainted with the language, laws, fashions, and credit of those with whom they deal. A foreigner is deprived of almost all these advantages—advantages with which nothing but the comparative cheapness of his goods could ever enable him to contend. But if a foreigner can supply us with any article cheaper than we can raise it at home, why should we not buy it from him? Why should we not extend the same principle to foreigners we find so extremely advantageous in conducting our intercourse with our next neighbours? Though our ports were open for the reception of all the commodities of all the commercial nations in the world, it is certain no one would purchase any portion of them unless he found it for his advantage,—that is, unless he obtained the article purchased from the foreigners by a *less* sacrifice than he could have obtained it for from his own countrymen. And it is obvious, that, in allowing this purchase to be made, or this intercourse to take place, we not only allow our own citizens to buy the goods which they want in the *cheapest* market, but we also allow them to sell their own goods in the *dearest* market, or to exchange them where they get the greatest quantity of other produce in their stead.

'It has been said, and I believe truly, that, had it not been for restrictions on importation, several manufactures that now furnish employment to a considerable population, would most probably never have had any existence amongst us. But, while I admit this statement, I deny that it forms any valid objection to the principles now laid down. It is just as little for the interest of nations as of individuals to engage indiscriminately in every possible employment. The grand principle of the division of labour ought to be equally respected by communities as

by single families. Every people will always find it for their advantage to addict themselves in preference to those branches of industry in which they have a superiority over others. For it is by this means only that they can ever fully avail themselves of the peculiar capacities of production given to each particular nation, and that their capital, and the labour of their husbandmen and artizans, can be rendered most efficient.

Nothing can be more plain or more certain than this; and what does it prove? Simply that men should place their reliance on the wisdom of Providence rather than on the wisdom of legislators, and demonstrates that this is the conclusion to which Political Economy leads. All its details terminate here; and if economists were content with proving this, they would be much more useful. But the Scotch quacks wanted to make a science of it—they wanted to make it appear that they had made a grand discovery, and therefore they have launched out into particulars and fallacies that enveloped the plainest facts—the most obvious conclusions, in more than ‘Siberian darkness.’ Plain people cannot, or will not, understand them. They have, however, amid much nonsense, advocated some fundamental errors. We shall only notice two of these, because they contradict each other; and because their champion, Mr. M'Culloch, in upholding them, is at variance with his own principles.

The first is that we cannot have too much machinery; and the second that a luxurious mode of living among labourers is beneficial.

‘Before proceeding,’ says Mr. M'Culloch, ‘to examine the various bad consequences that have been supposed to result from the indefinite extension and improvement of machinery, it may be observed, that the same consequences would equally result from the continued improvement of the skill and industry of the labourer. If the construction of a machine that would manufacture two pairs of stockings for the same expense that had previously been required to manufacture one pair, be under any circumstances injurious to

the labourer, the injury would be equal were the same thing accomplished by increased dexterity and skill on the part of the knitters;—if, for example, the females who have been in the habit of knitting two or three pairs of stockings in the week, should in future be able to knit four or six pairs. There is obviously no difference in these cases.’

This is strange logic, justifying a thing that exists by supposing a case which never can exist. But the whole of Mr. M'Culloch's argument in favour of the indefinite extension of machinery is founded on false premises. For instance, he takes the *universal* use of machinery for granted, and then supposes that the ability and will to consume exists every where. Nothing, however, can be farther from the fact. Machinery can never be established where provisions, and consequently labour, are cheap; for it would not be the interest of the capitalist to sink his money in steam-engines, when he could produce goods equally as cheap by manual labour. Besides, it ought to be borne in mind that machinery generally can produce only goods of an inferior quality, though they be more sightly. With all our boasted skill, the Hindoo, with his rude loom, fabricates finer and better silk; and no machinery can produce linen of the same fineness and texture with the hand of an old woman, in Ireland. In fact much of our manufacturing embarrassment, at the present moment, arises from the depreciated character of our goods on the continent. They are necessarily inferior to the articles produced in the ordinary way by manual labour; and, consequently, those who produce where food is cheap will ultimately drive us out of the foreign market, unless we are speedily put upon a footing of equality.

Too much manufactures, say the economists, cannot be produced, and then they proceed to the proof, by stating that men will not produce what cannot be sold. This, however, is very far from justifying their assertion; in fact, they state the question illogically, for it merely shows that the market will not be permanently overstocked, but it leaves the

question of an ability—unemployed ability to produce untouched. At the present moment there is not only a glut of one article, but of every article except food; and it is poor consolation to be told by Mills or M'Culloch that there would be no glut, ~~is~~—mind the *if*—the South Americans would consume!!

Twenty times the productive power employed at present, say the modern school, would make society happy in the extreme. 'It may, however, be asked,' says the Ricardo lecturer, 'would the demand be sufficient to take off this increased quantity of commodities?—Would their excessive multiplication not cause such a glut of the market, as to force their sale at a lower price than would be required to repay even the diminished cost of their production? But it is not necessary, in order to render an increase in the productive powers of labour advantageous to society, that these powers should always be fully exerted. If the labourer's command over the necessaries and comforts of life were suddenly raised to ten times its present amount, his consumption as well as his savings would doubtless be very greatly increased; but it is not at all likely that he would continue to exert his full powers. In such a state of society workmen would not be engaged twelve or fourteen hours a day in hard labour, nor would children be immured from their tenderest years in a cotton-mill. The labourer would then be able, without endangering his means of subsistence, to devote a greater portion of his time to amusement, and to the cultivation of his mind.'

Here Mr. M'Culloch evidently forgets the principles of population as laid down by himself. Would not mankind continue to increase until the rate of wages was reduced? or what is to prevent emigrants from visiting such an El-dorado, if such felicity were confined to one region? If Mr. M'Culloch would interdict foreigners, what becomes of his principles of free trade, and free intercourse? But it is useless to waste words on such precious nonsense, particularly when the lecturer is compelled to admit the injurious tendency of machinery, when introduced where it

would not have been admitted had labour been cheap. 'Mr. Ricardo,' says he, 'has supposed that a machine might be introduced not in the view of reducing the cost of commodities, but because it would give its owner the same, or, at all events, but a very little more, net profit, than he derived from the employment of labour; and in such a case, there can be no doubt, that the immediate effect of the introduction of the machine, would be most injurious to the labourer. To render this more intelligible, let us suppose that profits are ten per cent. and that a capitalist has a capital of 10,000*l.* employed in paying the wages of workmen, who produce him as much cloth as sells at the end of the year for 11,000*l.* that is 10,000*l.* to replace his capital, and 1,000*l.* as profits. Mr. Ricardo says, that it will be indifferent to this capitalist, whether he invests his capital of 10,000*l.* in a very durable machine, that will produce only the *one-eleventh* of the cloth, or as much as will yield the 1000*l.* of profits; though, if he does this, it is obvious, that all the workmen he employed will be turned adrift, and there will no longer be either a demand for their services, or a fund for their maintenance.'

Now, who ever heard of machinery being introduced for any other purpose but that specified by Mr. Ricardo? Is it not always introduced to give the person who introduced it greater profits than he previously derived from the employment of labourers? And what has caused the introduction of machinery into our manufactories but the high rate of wages? It is very true, that without machinery we could not hitherto have gone on so well; and operatives who combine for increase of wages ought to be made acquainted with this fact. They ought to know that a rise of wages causes a fall in the price of commodities by introducing machinery, and, consequently, that it lays the commerce of the country under no restraint, though it deprive a million operatives of bread. A rise in wages beyond that paid in other nations must introduce machinery, or stop the manufactories altogether. The former is

obviously the better course for all parties. Machinery is, therefore, under certain circumstances, absolutely necessary and useful; but the question is, would not a state of things, which could not create these circumstances, be most desirable? This question shall be answered when we come to treat of the second part of our inquiry, which we purpose doing in our next.

In the mean time let us reflect on the importance of the foregoing truths; and say whether much, if

not all, of the misery which surrounds us, is not owing to the artificial system that prevails. We think this cannot be denied, unless there be an evil inherent in the natural formation of society, the mere mention of which would go to implicate the justice and wisdom of the Creator Himself. One thing, however, is clear, that if a more liberal system would produce no benefits, it could not certainly produce greater mischiefs than the prohibitory one which has so long prevailed.

THE GRAVE OF THE OUTCAST.

‘ Who sleeps in yonder simple grave,
On which no wild spring flow’rets bloom,
Where still the cypress seems to wave
More sad than o’er each neigh’ring tomb—
Where not a bud is seen to press
Upon the cold earth’s nakedness,
Save when some village maid would bring
Her peace devoted offering.
Perchance a wreath of garden flowers
Plucked while surcharged with morning showers,
Denoting well those early tears
That wash away the bloom of years.
Perchance a garland of such form
And hue as weeping friends devote
When, like a lily in the storm,
Some virgin flower by death is smote;
And oh, methinks, in truth they seem
A type of hearts untimely lost,
Of some whose high impassioned dream
Of bliss is all too darkly crost.
Who rests in yonder lonely spot,
Almost as lone as if consigned
To cold oblivion, and forgot
By those few kindred left behind;
As lone as if no prayer was said
To bless the slumber of the dead,
Save when some rustic swain would show
The spot, and tell of one below.
And once apart I heard them speak
Of love and early truth betrayed,
Of hearts and eyes that only wake
To weep o’er hopes too long delayed.
I am a stranger, as you see,
And have been absent many a year;
Alas! how changed this spot to me,
No name can I remember here;
Then tell me all, for thou hast known—
In vain the tale of tears you hide,
Who sleeps beneath yon mould’ring stone,
Apart, upon the churchyard’s side?’
‘ There came a stranger to our strand,
A female from a foreign land;
And some there are, in yonder vale,
Whose words of doubt would go to mar

Her plain and blameless after-tale,
 Because she came from climes afar ;
 Because she did not deign to tell
 Her home, her kindred, or to dwell
 Upon each long remembered joy,
 Which time or tears may not destroy ;
 Because she did not deign to name
 Such things 'twas deemed a sense of shame.
 I knew her well, nay stood beside
 The couch on which she drooped and died ;
 And, in her last life-parting smile,
 She wrung my hand, then turned away,
 As if within her breast the while
 Was something that she feared to say.
 I knelt—I do believe I wept,
 But nothing of her sad fate spoke ;
 And soon, too soon, alas ! she slept
 The slumber that may not be broke.
 For hours she'd sit by yonder brook,
 And listless on its eddies look ;
 Then, starting up, would gaze on high
 So wildly, that you'd think her eye
 Was fixed in some remembered shade :
 She'd speak then in a foreign tongue,
 Until the fancied form would fade,
 That thus her tortured bosom rung :
 And then she'd wake some tender strain
 Upon her lute, till all around
 Would weep with sympathetic pain,
 It breathed so soft so sad a sound.
 Again she'd turn, as if to mark,
 Far o'er the wave, in deep despair,
 The less'ning streamer of some bark,
 Perchance the bark that bore her here.
 Her face was beautiful but pale,
 And in its whiteness faintly tried
 To hush the love-embittered tale,
 Whose hectic flush it could not hide.
 I saw her spirit steal away
 Like music o'er the silent sea,
 I saw her fade upon my sight
 Like mist before the morning's light.
 I twined her in fond memory's chain,
 Like some sweet flower of lovely hue,
 Upon whose beams no darker stain
 Was ever seen than tears of dew.
 'Twas said for truth the bark that bore
 The lady, sent forth armed men,
 Who cast her rudely on the shore,
 Then turned away, nor came again ;
 That she had passed her years of prime,
 In the dark paths of female crime.
 Till every heaven-devoted ray
 Of innocence had waned away.
 When evil stars began to fling
 Their deepest shades of sorrowing,
 'Twas said her kinsman's deadly hate
 Had left her thus disconsolate,
 In the vain hope at once to hide
 The memory of his wounded pride.

Some said she was the child of shame,
 Perchance 'twas but to sink her worth;
 What will not woman's tongue proclaim,
 When envy puts a falsehood forth?
 Such things were told, but whether sprung
 From malice or the sland'rer's tongue,
 Or whether it was even so,
 In truth 'twas not for me to know.
 But this I know, I saw her fade
 And sink into the grave at last,
 And deemed her but some love-lorn maid,
 O'er whom the simoon love had past,
 Till ev'ry joy that sweetens life,
 Lay withered in th' unequal strife.
 'Twas but for those who had not seen
 Her chasing hour of bright serene,
 To think or say that ever she
 Was other than she seemed to be.
 For who could dream that guilt could e'er
 Invade a form so passing fair;
 Or to that heav'n-devoted heart,
 The slightest shade of sin impart!
 To me she always seemed to be
 A prototype of purity.
 Far fitter for yon calm blue sky,
 Than for this earth where tempests low'r
 So oft, that man may well descry
 His fate in every ruined flower.
 Some clime where life is like a beam
 Of sunshine, or as love's young dream,
 'Ere yet a thoughtless word or glance
 Has woke us from that breathless trance,
 While yet we wish that we might be
 In some lone islet of the sea,
 And when grim death had come to sever
 The hearts that love had bound for ever,
 As flowers united in one stem,
 Together live and die like them;
 Then pass to some fair orb above,
 Where we might still each other love.
 I thought her far too pure, too fair,
 To dwell in this sad world of care.
 'Tis she that sleeps in yonder tomb,
 Where not a flower is seen to bloom,
 As if they would not dare intrude
 Upon her simple solitude;
 As if they would not mock the fate
 Of one so lone and desolate.
 The village maidens hither bring
 The sweetest garlands of the spring,
 And strew them o'er her silent clay,
 And o'er her cold grave love to pray;
 And, at the stilly hour of even,
 Waft their innocent hymns to Heaven,
 For her who left no clue or mark
 To tell what might the deeds have been,
 That cast o'er her a cloud so dark,
 So sad, was never heard or seen.

Carriek-on-Suir.

R. BRENNAN.

THE WHITEBOY.

By the Author of 'Tales of Irish Life.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOUGH Thorndon had been rendered an essential and timely service by Mr. Purcell, he did not think of returning thanks. Not that the tumult of the moment prevented him, or that he was unaware of the obligation which he owed his former antagonist; but because a more endearing—a more imperative duty devolved upon him, that of attending on Miss Neagle. As yet she had given no proofs of consciousness; she lay almost inanimate in the arms, or rather on the lap, of Nell, who waited in the greatest calmness for, as she expressed it, the return of the young lady's senses. The lieutenant, less patient, seized Caroline by the hand, and eagerly inquired if she knew him. A gentle squeeze, that caused every nerve of Thorndon to vibrate, assured him he was known and understood; and in a few minutes she was able to sit upright. A flood of tears came opportunely to her relief, and on being asked whether she thought herself able to proceed homewards, replied, 'Home! oh! no, captain, you have saved me, for Heaven's sake do not desert me.'

'Desert you! no,' replied Thorndon, 'but your father is most anxious to see you.'

Caroline shook her head pensively, and replied, 'you don't know my father.'

'I know, however, that you are dear to him, and that he is filled with grief and alarm at your unaccountable absence.'

'True, he knew not of it, but I quitted the house only to avoid being carried away at his express desire.'

'There is a mistake here,' said Thorndon, and called Purcell. An explanation followed, from which it clearly appeared, that Miss Neagle had been imposed upon by Duff, who, the better to secure the co-operation of his partizans, had it reported amongst them that the intended abduction was to be undertaken, not only with Major Neagle's concurrence, but at his express desire. This had somehow or other transpired, and on coming to Caroline's ears, she

believed the statement the more readily, in consequence of the severity with which her father had recently treated her, as well as from the constant intercourse which was kept up between himself and Mr. Duff. Under this impression she had written to Thorndon, but previous to his arrival her fears had increased, in consequence of something communicated by her waiting-maid; and, filled with the most dreadful and alarming apprehension, she sought safety in flight. The cabin of a near relative of Hannah's afforded her an asylum till discovered, as it subsequently appeared, by one of Tim's satellites, who immediately acquainted his employer. The attempt to carry her off followed, and would have been doubtless successful were it not for the sagacity and untired vigilance of the Whiteboy and his mother.

This information gave Caroline much satisfaction, though it convicted her of want of confidence in the tenderness and affection of her father. She was now eager, however, to make atonement by throwing herself at the feet of the major, and urged the lieutenant to use all possible dispatch. Some delay, notwithstanding, took place, Aodh Dhu's rear-guard, whose utility was now made manifest, in coming up, brought with them a number of prisoners, and a discussion took place respecting the disposal of them.

'We must send them to prison,' said Captain Evans.

'No, in troth, if you please, captain,' said the Whiteboy. 'No prisons for us, thank you, I know what kind o' place that is, an would'nt send a dog to it, let alone a poor Christian.'

'And what will be done with them?'

'Done wid 'em! an is it that you'd be axen? Done wid 'em! Musha, what would you do wid 'em but send 'em home to their suppers, for the praties are biled by this time.'

'Is it after what they have been guilty of?'

'Guilty, indeed! troth are they, but musha, sure they did nothing ony what the big blaggard, who lies there like a pig as he lived, bid 'em, an God knows 'twould 'nt be justice at all at

all to punish 'em, since he is sarved out clanelly as he ought to be, God bless the hand that wizen'd 'im.'

'Away, boys,' he continued, 'about your business, an thank God that you're widout a landlord to-night.'

'Stop, stop!' said Thorndon, 'we must detain some of them to satisfy the magistrates respecting the manner in which the deceased met his death.'

'Magistrates!' said the Whiteboy. 'Oh, musha, bad luck to the satisfyin 'em will we do; away, boys.' And they instantly vanished, nothing loath, as was evident from the quickness with which they were out of sight. The Whiteboy's followers, however, remained; and just as they were preparing to escort Miss Neagle to her home, the sound of persons, equestrians and footmen, approaching was heard. 'It is the sogers,' said a barefooted brat, who came in breathless haste with the news. A sensation of alarm was instantly spread through the assembled peasantry, and one of them hinted about the propriety of running away.

'Run away yourself,' said Aodh Dhu, sarcastically; 'we are fifty or sixty, and fear nothing,' and he gave a buzza, in which the others joined him.

'There is no occasion,' said Thorndon, 'for any hostile preparations.—If they be soldiers who are coming, we have nothing to fear; they are our friends.'

'Who knows that?' said one of the peasants.

'The captin has sed it,' replied the Whiteboy, 'an his word is as good as his oath; but, boys, don't let 'em have the honour of taking the lady home; we took her from the spalpeens who were carryin her away, an sure we, an nobody else, will leave her safe an sound in her own father's bawn.'

To this they all assented.

CHAPTER XIX.

It soon became evident that the party who was approaching was, as the boy had rightly informed them, the soldiers. Evans went forward to meet them, and in a few minutes returned, accompanied by Major Neagle and a brother officer. It appeared that the distracted father, having no faith in his own tenantry,

or conscious of not meriting their affection, hastened into town for the military to escort him in the recovery of his daughter. They had been out on this duty for some time, when, hearing the firing occasioned by the rencontre with Duff, they hastened towards the place from which the sound proceeded.

On hearing the voice of her father, Caroline, supported by the lieutenant, ran towards him. In an instant she had sunk upon his breast, and the major gave utterance to his joy in wild exclamations. All around, for the military had now come up, stood silent but by no means callous spectators of the scene, and Aodh Dhu was heard to mutter to himself, 'Bad luck to 'im if I have'nt half a mind to forgive 'im for all he ever did to me an mine, the murdherin thief.'

The lieutenant had been standing near to Caroline, and when the major first observed him, by the clear moonlight, he extended his hand, which was instantly grasped. 'Captain Thorndon,' said he, with some emotion, 'I thank you, from my heart I thank you.' Then looking on the group around, he continued, 'I should, however, have been happier to have seen you otherwise attended.'

'These men,' returned the lieutenant, 'are brave and honest—two qualities that entitle them to a soldier's company.'

'Ay, ay, you think so, captain, but allow me to know better.'

'Ah! my old friend,' cried Purcell, seizing the major's hand; 'curse me but I'm glad—right glad to see you, but poor Tim is—' and he pointed significantly to where the yet bleeding corpse was lying.

'Good God!' exclaimed the major, 'who is that?'

'Nobody but poor Tim,' replied Purcell; it was a fair quarrel, however. He was only carrying off Caroline, and, curse me! I could'nt endure it, and so lodged a bit of lead in his stomach.'

'This is a serious business,' said the major, pushing aside his daughter, for the feelings of the magistrate had usurped the tenderness of the parent. 'It must be inquired into. Soldiers, make all these men prisoners.'

The effect of this order was instantaneous. The peasantry sprung back to a short distance, and placed themselves, with surprising address, in an attitude of defence, while Nell, having seized Caroline, retreated to the rear. The soldiers, seeing a show of opposition, were in no hurry to fulfil the major's commands, and very quietly listened to Thorndon's remonstrance. Evans, too, interfered, and satisfied the major that there was no occasion for harsh measures. Purcell was now called for, but was nowhere to be found, having, as Aodh Dhu said, 'thought a good pair of legs letther nor a bad pair of hands.'

Unwilling, however, to be thought remiss in the discharge of his magisterial duties, the major desired to be made more particularly acquainted with all the facts of the case, and, when this was done, he was satisfied, and again shook Thorndon by the hand. 'We have been,' said he, 'all imposed upon by that turncoat Duff, and I never knew a turncoat make a good man; but let us forgive and forget, and see whether we can't do better in future.'

'True in troth,' said a coarse voice; 'an, Major Neagle, let us too forgive an forget, an curse on the man who houlds spite.'

'Aodh Dhu!' exclaimed the major, starting back.

'Ay, in troth, 'tis Aodh Dhu himself,' returned the Whiteboy, 'but sure he need'nt fryten you; I forgive you.'

'Forgive me, sir!'

'Ay, in troth, for havin kilt my fadher, an turnin us out o' our bit o' ground, an keepin our money that you borrowed, an for havin hunted me like as if I was a wild beast, an for havin—'

'Soldiers!' cried the major, in an ungovernable rage, 'seize that rebel.'

Thorndon stepped forward for the purpose of acting as mediator, but the magistrate, as if anticipating his intentions, rudely pushed him back, and repeated, with increased vehemence, his former order. 'Seize him,' said he, 'he is an outlaw, a Whiteboy, and a rebel.'

'Murder an ounce!' exclaimed Aodh Dhu; 'do ye hear 'im? Boys, September, 1826.

defend yourselves,' and the peasantry instantly fell back, and resumed their former attitude of hostility.

'He is a robber and a murderer,' said the major, still urging on the military, for the charges of the Whiteboy seemed to give him excessive pain.

'An you're a thief of the wourld,' replied Aodh Dhu, advancing with a pistol in each hand, 'you've wronged me an mine, and would have spilt my blood, war it not for Captain Thorndon, an now you renew your false charges against me, an—'

'Soldiers, why don't you advance and make him prisoner,' interrupted the magistrate.

'There's two words to that,' said Aodh Dhu, determinedly; 'the man's life is'nt worth a traneeen who budges a foot, and I care not the value of a pin's head for me own. Major Neagle, you're a bad man, a villain, a wretch, an don't make me do that which would disgrace a Macarthy—don't make me a murderer, for I've sworn in darkness an in light—I've sworn when drunk an sober, to be revenged on you for all the evil you've done me an mine—my poor ould fadher an my poor mudher, an my poor wife an childher.'

'Cowards!' exclaimed the major, addressing the soldiers, 'why don't you do your duty?' and he advanced a pace or two, as if to set them an example of intrepidity. 'I'll seize the robber myself,' said he.

'Robber agin!' cried the enraged Aodh Dhu. 'I offered to forgive an forget, an you call me robber! I saved your child from pollution, and you call me robber! But I'll be revenged! I've sworn it—my fadher's wrongs call for it. I'll be revenged—now—now—now—' And he advanced towards the major, who, in springing forward to avert the threatened danger, received the contents of two pistols in his body.

All this was so sudden and so unexpected, that every one present stood as if they had been rivetted to the earth. Thorndon was the first to move; he sprung forward and seized the murderer, and at the same instant Caroline, who had been a painful spectator of all that had passed, had fallen senseless upon the body of her father,

while Nell rushed like a fury into the throng, exclaiming 'Hughy, what have you done?'

'Ay, wretched man,' repeated the lieutenant, 'what have you done?'

'Done! captin, done! A deed of blood! Aodh Dhu—unhappy—unfortunate Aodh Dhu is a murderer! I was provoked an I done it—I was wronged an I done it. Kill me! hang me! gibbet me! for Aodh Dhu is a murderer. My name and family are disgraced for ever; Aodh Dhu is at last a murderer.' And he gave a wild unearthly laugh.

CHAPTER XX.

On raising the major, it was ascertained that life had not been quite extinguished. A person was instantly dispatched for a surgeon, but the wounded man requested that they would not remove him. 'I feel my life blood departing,' said he, 'and I know that only a few minutes longer are permitted me to remain in this world.' 'Caroline,' he continued, in a subdued and tender tone, the near approach of death having banished all bad feelings from his breast, 'Caroline, if your father was ever harsh, pardon him; and, Captain Thorndon, are we friends?'

'Most assuredly,' said the lieutenant.

'Well then, I shall die in peace, and—' His utterance was here stopped, but in a few moments his strength apparently returned.

'I am dying,' said he, 'and, Oh, my Caroline! My will was made in anger—there must be a codicil—a new testament.—Has any one paper?—Oh! I am dying.—Has any one paper?'

Evans replied in the affirmative, and pulled out a small memorandum-book.

'That will do,' said the major, 'can you write by moonlight? a pencil will do.' And he proceeded to dictate while Evans wrote. It was necessarily short, and just enough of strength remained to enable the dying man to affix his signature to the hasty deed. 'There,' said he, presenting the book in which it was written to Caroline. 'that secures you your rights.—Be happy—be—'

His utterance failed him; life and death were struggling for dominion

in his throat, but the latter soon prevailed, and the once dreaded magistrate and boisterous bacchanalian was numbered with the things that were.

The corpse was now removed to Neagle-bawn, and Aodh Dhu given in charge to the military. Caroline was visited next day by some female relatives, who purposed remaining for a few weeks with her, and Thorndon and his friend repaired to Clonmel.

The funeral had scarcely taken place when a nephew of the deceased laid claim to his property. He did so under the authority of a formal will; and when Caroline went to search for the deed which superseded it, the memorandum-book in which it was written was no where to be found. Captain Evans was sent for; every possible inquiry was made, but without effect; and the result was that the claimant took possession, leaving Caroline's only hope dependant on the question of law, whether verbal proofs of the will being made was valid, when the will itself was not forthcoming. Until this was decided she determined to seek an asylum under the roof of an aunt who resided in Dublin, and rejected Thorndon's proposal of marriage altogether, unless reinstated in those circumstances which she considered necessary to entitle her to his hand. In vain the lieutenant treated this resolution as quixotic and romantic: in vain he represented his own resources as adequate to their mutual happiness. She was inexorable; and Thorndon was obliged to submit, though the prospect of an union with this high-minded girl was now problematical in the extreme. Still hope did not burn less brightly, and absence, with our hero, caused no diminution of affection.

In the mean time the regiment, to which Thorndon belonged, was ordered to Waterford; and one morning early in spring he was surprised by a visit from Nell. She looked haggard and worn; her clothes were tattered, her feet bare, and the effects of poverty and suffering were visible in her countenance. Previous to his leaving Clonmel the lieutenant had heard of the death of the Whiteboy's

wife, and in conjunction with Caroline had undertaken to pay a certain sum annually to a farmer, who engaged to afford the children, as well as the old woman, board and lodging until something better could be done. Revolting as Aodh Dhu's crime was, still Thorndon could not contemplate the inevitable fate which awaited the wretched man, but with feelings of pity—of regret; and as his case admitted of no hope, the lieutenant redoubled his solicitude for the unhappy children. Suspecting that Nell had come on business relative to them, he inquired after their welfare.

'Thanky kindly, captin,' was her reply, 'they are well enough, than God and you; but their fadher'—

'Is well, too, I hope?'

'Why, ay, but the assizes will be here next week.'

'Poor woman! you must try and meet the shock.'

'Couldn't he be saved?'

'Saved! no, impossible.'

'Perhaps, yes, captin; an, if 'twas in your power, you'd be no loser for doin it, nor some body else, neather.'

'The thing, my good woman,' said Thorndon, 'is totally impossible—he must meet his fate.'

'That's a hard sayin, captin. Aodh Dhu wouldn't say that were you in his case. But can you do any thing for 'im?'

'Indeed, I cannot.'

'Think once more about it. If you save Aodh Dhu's life this time, I can recompense you.'

'What do you mean?'

'Mean, captin; oh, nothin, ony if you saved the Boughalbawn this time. I could do you a small bit o' sarvice.'

'This is folly, woman. I can do nothing for him.'

'Then don't,' said she in an angry tone, 'an repent o't while you live; an I'll now try elsewhere.'

She quitted Thorndon's presence as she said this; and he thought—and he did not wonder at it—that misfortune had disturbed the unhappy creature's intellects. When summoned to Clonmel to give evidence relative to the murder, he was surprised not to see Nell in court.

The evidence against Aodh Dhu was conclusive; but Thorndon, pre-

vious to the passing of sentence, left the court, and, led on by the force of old associations, rambled into the neighbourhood of Neagle-bawn. He stopped that night in a little hedge ale-house, and was surprised next morning to find that the wretched Whiteboy was to be executed where his crime had been perpetrated. Filled with very gloomy ideas the lieutenant mechanically wandered towards the spot, and, while he stopped to remark the bustle of the people assembled, the piteous look of some, and the vindictive aspect of others, the appalling procession arrived at the place. The Whiteboy stood erect in the cart amidst the glitter of arms which guarded it, and looked around him with great self-possession. Prayer was on the lips of all present; and, though Aodh Dhu was attended by a clergyman, there was a restless wandering in his eye, which showed that religion had not yet triumphed over mundane feelings. He looked as if he wished to be thought to die like a man rather than like a Christian.

The cart stopped, and the culprit 'cast a longing lingering look' around. His eye lighted on the lieutenant, and he made a motion. Thorndon advanced, and asked the Whiteboy how he felt.

'Well, captin, well;' was his reply. 'But do you forgive me?'

Thorndon replied in the affirmative, adding, 'your children shall be taken care of.'

This was touching a tender cord; the culprit's lip trembled, he combatted the feeling that arose within the parent, but it was of no use; tears gushed forth, and the clergyman, taking advantage of this softened moment, urged upon his penitent the necessity of prayer. 'I will pray, fadher John,' said the Whiteboy; 'but mustn't I thank the captin. I was on the point of happiness; but see what I'm come to—A Macarthy goin to be hanged. Ochoneo! an is it come to this?'

A buz of discontent arose from among the people; and the authorities, as if apprehensive of an attempt at a rescue, ordered the lieutenant to the rear. He was glad they did so; his own feelings were overpowering him, and he retired to a short dis-

tance, averting his eyes from the gloomy apparatus of death. In a moment all was silent; nothing indicated the presence of the multitude, until a general obtestation, which arose to Heaven as the unfortunate criminal was launched into eternity, apprised Thorndon that Aodh Dhu was no more. There was a tear in his eye—an unconscious one, for he thought not of removing it, when a wild cry caused him to look around. A miserable old man, in the dress of a sailor, had fallen dead; and on inquiring, he proved to be the father of the culprit, just returned from transportation. On learning that the criminal on the gallows was his only son he sank to rise no more.

While the crowd stood gazing on the old man's corpse, a woman pushed through them—it was Nell. Her bare feet were bleeding, her hair streamed about her face and neck, and she held a rude travelling staff in her hand. She glanced at the dead—raised the corpse, and then gave a deafening scream, 'Tis he! 'tis he! my husband—my husband!—But thank God! He is merciful, an have taken 'im to 'imself. His long night o' sorrow is now over, an he's happy. Cursed Neagle's arm will reach him no more. He sleeps in peace. Holy virgin, intercede for 'im.'

'Heaven!' she continued, after a pause, 'look down 'pon me wid an eye of pity an compassion, an grant me strength to meet thy will this blest an holy day, for mine have indeed been a life of sorrow.'

'Have patience, Nell, achorra,' said some one of the bystanders piteously.

'Patience!' reiterated Nell, 'patience! who bids me have patience? My son, my brave, my manly son—ha! ha! look ye there—there—there! an talk of patience! See who's here afther his long night o' sorrow—afther havin returned from Botomy Bay, where he was sent by his cruel and unjust landlord. See him now a corpse, and no one to keen 'im; but his poor ould broken hearted Nell will keen 'im herself.'

'Ay, an so will all the neighbours,' said a voice.

'Say you so, Catty?' said Nell, 'an do they pity the poor Macarthys? will they come to his wake? will they attend his birn? will they weep for

the Boughal-bawn? Ochone! ochone! 'twas he was the boy for driven the sogers and proctors afore 'im—'twas he that feared no man; but ullo-loo! see 'im now?'

Here she wept copiously; and by-and-by, starting up and pushing her straggling hair aside, gave a maniac glance at all around. 'Ha!' said she, 'who do I see?' Then approaching the lieutenant, who stood at a short distance, she continued, pointing to the gallows, upon which the malefactor was yet swinging in the mountain breeze, 'Do you see, captin, what they've done wid your Boughal-bawn? they've hanged 'im—hanged 'im. Go, Sassenach, and tell that to your countrymen—tell 'em that our great ones first robs—cants—transports—drives to madness—to crime—to murder, and then hangs the poor—ay, like dogs they hang 'em, an then wondher why we don't respect 'em; why we don't like 'em; why we don't sit down and be quiet an loyal, an God knows what else, we are used so well and so tenderly. But you look as if you could cry a Sassenach tear; an Englishman pity poor Aodh Dhu! Then a Sassenach have a heart—can feel—can weep; yes, the captin is not an Irish buckeen—he wouldn't rob, nor cant, nor transport the poor man, an so Hughy often sed. Och! captin, the Boughal-bawn would die for you, yet you wouldn't save 'im from the gallows. But nay be you couldn't—nay be 'twas'nt in your power, and so Miss Neagle sed yesterday when I saw her in Dublin, in a great wide street and a fine big house. She couldn't save Black Hugh, her modher's foster brother, and she cried for me, too.'

Here the old woman brushed away the tears from her scalded eyes, and continued more calmly, 'God grant me patience; but, captin, if I wronged you I can make amends. Here's, said she, pulling something out of her bosom wrapt up in a dirty rag, 'here's somethin for you; 'tis neather your's nor mine though, but there's an owner for it for all that, one who will be glad of 't on your account, an may Heaven prosper ye's both. 'Tis Major Neagle's will, asthore, which he wrote when he was dyin, and I snatched it up that night when it fell from the young lady's breast, an kept

it, bekase I thought 'twould be the means of savin Hughy's life, but ye's couldn't. I saw her yesterday, an she couldn't; he is now gone, 'tis no use to me, an will get Neagle-bawn agin for the lawful owner.'

A loud and significant groan from the multitude here drowned Nell's voice. It arose in consequence of the departure of the sheriff, his attendants, and the soldiers; and the yell was kept up until they were far beyond the vindictive sound. In a moment the body was cut down, and the gallows smashed in pieces, with a fury and an eagerness that intimated a spirit but ill-satisfied with the administration of the laws.

The dead bodies were removed to a neighbouring barn, and Thorndon, amidst the blessings of the crowd, having supplied what was necessary to defray the expenses of the wake and funeral, set out immediately for Dublin.

Gentle reader, the curtain descends, but ere it drops we step forward just to inform you, by way of epilogue, what you already know—namely, that the dirty rag—rags sometimes cover things more valuable—given by Nell to Thorndon, contained the will of Major Neagle. The possession of this deed quickly reinstated Caroline in the mansion of her family, and soon after she was—as all young ladies ought to be—married to the man of her choice.

Nell and her grand-children were made comfortable, and the neighbourhood of Neagle-bawn was henceforward remarkably tranquil.

Ned Purcell did not return to Ireland; for, having quarrelled with a countryman in London about the merits of an opera dancer, he was found dead one morning early at Chalk Farm, having encountered even a better shot than himself.

WE PART.

'Twas night—the cold and cheerless sky
 Around us hung its murky veil;
 And many a burning tear and sigh
 Impressed their sad and bitter seal
 Upon our register of love,
 Our faith eternally to prove!
 And lingered we 'till break of day
 Shone out an herald of the time;
 When Jessalie, far, far away,
 To a bleak, distant, cheerless clime,
 Is forced to hie —
 * * * the moment's past—
 The bark is on the ocean cast!
 Oh! Heaven, what a rending throe—
 What agony then wildly rushes;
 Oh! what a burning flood of woe
 O'er the sunk soul impetuous gushes:
 How bursts each pulse-string of the heart,
 When lips we love breath out 'WE PART!'
 And thus it was—I felt as riven
 From every thing that held life dear—
 As if the *one loved* stole to Heaven,
 And left me lone and ling'ring here;
 A blasted weed, flung on the shore,
 For every foot to travel o'er!
 Long, long, I lingered on the strand,
 The bark outrode my weakening sight;
 I gazed upon the yielding sand
 Her springy foot had pressed that night;
 As if the print—the trace she left
 Could joy a heart of joy bereft.
 I drunk the air o'er which her tongue
 Its silvery tones of passion shed;

As on the vacant waste had hung
 Some comfort though the sounds had fled :
 Some precious spiritual balm,
 My bursting maddening heart to calm.
 But no, no joy can ever bless
 This harrowed heart until its meets
 Her heart—oh ! God, what happiness
 In a wild throb of passion beats.

O.

THE FADED WREATH.

This faded wreath !—perhaps 'twas wove
 In some romantic bower,
 To grace the brow of youthful love,
 In that bewitching hour ;
 But now, alas ! that love has fled,
 Has run its fleeting hours,
 And seems to say, ' I'm now as dead
 And faded—as these flowers !'

This faded wreath !—it might have graced
 Some proud triumphal car,
 Where patriot pride sat proudly placed,
 The peoples' leading star !—
 The pageant hour has disappeared,
 The deafening shout is o'er—
 Opinion's fickle breath has veered,
 And blights the wreath he wore.

This faded wreath !—it once, methinks,
 Some warrior's temples bound,
 But see, the laurel fades and shrinks,—
 The rose no longer found,
 And he, like these too, soon may fade,
 His honours—find a grave ;
 Mayhap the hands this wreathing made,
 Now drive him forth a—slave !

This faded wreath !—a tyrant's feet
 Might erst have trod this flower,
 When some poor slaves, through fear, did greet
 The wretch arrayed in power ;
 But you too, tyrant, soon must shrink,
 And like this wreath decay,
 For reason bids her sons to think,—
 And fling your bonds away.

This faded wreath !—O, would it tell
 The tales of days gone by,
 'Twould say how proud ambition fell,
 How human feelings die,
 'Twould whisper to the vaulting mind,
 Amid the people's roar,
 'Tis but an idle raging wind,
 ' That's hushed—and heard no more.'

Go to the lover's latest sigh !
 Go to the warrior's gasp !
 Go to the patriot's sunken eye !
 Go to the tyrant's grasp—
 Tell them how false is human pride,
 How earth-born hopes must flee,
 And tell them, faded wreath, beside,
 Their emblem is in thee !

Dublin.

OLIVER CATON SHERWOOD.

FOUR YEARS IN FRANCE.*

THE author of this book is a Mr. Best, whose father and grandfather died prebendaries of Lincoln, in the cathedral of which their ashes repose, conjointly with the remains of their better halves. Mr. Best himself was educated in the principles of the Established Church, became a fellow of his college at Oxford, and had taken deacon's orders, when the accidental perusal of some Catholic books, and the conversation of some French emigrant divines, diverted him from his intended course. With an independence which even those who disapprove of his principles must commend, he relinquished all hopes of church preferment, and entered into the Catholic communion. There was no 'laceration of feeling' here; for his principles all along had been high church, and his mother, one of the Digby family, had a 'hankering after popery,' her father, or, at least, her grandfather, having been a Catholic.

The book is preceded by an account of this conversion, and, of course, he has collected on himself the undissembled wrath of the English press. Yet where is the occasion for anger? He thought Catholicism best; and, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, embraced it. He may be thought to have erred, but the honesty of his motive cannot be questioned; nor can his candour in publishing the cause of his conversion be condemned, for he could have no object but the promotion of truth: from Protestants he had nothing to expect but indignity or contempt, and from Catholics nothing but neglect: for he admits, that the best way to court the favour of the Norfolks, and Petres, and the other 'Popish' aristocrats, is to abandon, and not to embrace, the religion they profess.

Having nothing to do with the arguments by which he justifies his change of religion, we shall pass at once to the account of his Four Year's Residence in France.

In April, 1818, he quitted England for the Continent, and, in due course,

arrived at Havre, from which place he proceeds to Paris.

'We found the diligence to be a convenient and even handsome public carriage, made to hold six persons within, and three in the cabriolet or covered seat attached to it in front: at first, we had all this space to ourselves. After about an hour's ride, we got out of the coach to walk up a steep hill, and took our last leave of the semblance of English landscape. France and Italy offer no views of luxuriant pastures, with herds and flocks grazing in them, of trees irregularly planted, of enclosures unequally distributed, of fine swelling clouds hanging in the horizon,—themselves a beautiful object, and adding variety of light and shade to the picture. These we were to exchange for vines, like bushes, planted in rows, or trained in festoons from one pollard elm to another; for the pale leaf of the olive, for skies almost always cloudless, for fields abundant in produce, but without any thing living or moving in them.'

Our traveller, of course, visited all the lions of Paris, and, among the rest, the cathedral of Notre Dame.

'A traveller, soon after the restoration, having visited the tombs below the pavement of this church, and seen the torch, typical of philosophy, issuing from that of Voltaire,—observed a monument which seemed to him a new one; he inquired whose it was, and was told by the attendant, "that of a member of the ancient Senate."—"But," said the traveller, "I thought this edifice was the place of interment for great men."—"C'est vrai; mais, en attendant, on y enterre des sénateurs."† It is not certain whether this was said in simplicity or in *persiflage*.'

Paris has been so often and so well described that any account of its palaces, columns, and other 'things of show,' would be considered nothing less than a great bore in the pages of a magazine. We shall therefore, with the reader's permission, overlook the Louvre altogether, and turn to a *grave* subject.

* 'Four Years in France; or, a Narrative of an English Family's Residence there during that period; preceded by some account of the Conversion of the Author to the Catholic Faith.' London, Colburn, 1826.

† That is true; but, in the meantime, they bury senators.

The cemetery of Pere la Chaise is on a height commanding a view of Paris and of the whole extent of country from Vincennes to St. Cloud. Le Pere la Chaise was confessor to Louis XIV., and sometime proprietor of this large field, now the burying-ground of a great proportion of the population of Paris. It is laid out, with due regard to the irregularity of the ground, in walks and allées; and the care of adorning and planting is left to the relations and friends of the deceased here interred. It is adorned with tombs and monuments, some of which display more taste than is usually brought to such designs: around these tombs are planted poplars and cypresses, roses and jasmines; and thus the quarter where the rich are buried, (for even here "the people of quality flock all together,") has the air of a pretty shrubbery. The price of so much land as may suffice for one corps is now three hundred francs, and the ground, with whatever may be erected upon it, becomes the property of "heirs and assigns for ever." The money so raised is, I believe, applied to the maintenance of infirmaries or other public charities. That part of the cemetery where the poor, or those who do not buy their graves, are buried, is dug very deep on the occasion of each interment: the ground is taken up regularly; and it is supposed that the bodies first buried will be reduced to earth before it shall be necessary to dig over the same ground a second time.

'Such is, by law, the mode of sepulture throughout France: no one can be buried in a church, nor even in his own garden or field, unless at a certain distance from all habitation; and cemeteries, regulated like that of Pere la Chaise, are every where provided. These burying-grounds are to be restored to cultivation, wholly or in part, as the case may require, during the time necessary for the complete rotting of the bodies beneath; a space of fourteen years, says Hamlet's grave-digger, for "all but your tanner:" this however must depend more on the nature of the soil than on the former occupation of the persons deceased; but Shakspeare is allowed to jest on every subject.

'I will own that the view of the

great cemetery of the capital of France displeased, and even disgusted me; and that the law in regard to this matter appeared to me a scheme of irreligious legislators for putting out of sight all that might remind them of death, and for desecrating church-yards, and for rooting out of the minds of the people their veneration for ancient usages and consecrated places. An enclosure, destined to the uses of a church-yard, turned into a flower-garden,—or a flower-garden, still retaining its finery, turned into a church-yard; monuments surmounted, not by the symbol of salvation, but by vases in which no ashes were contained, and which are absurd in a place where bodies are not burned, but buried; inscriptions, which spoke not of eternity, but were such as if the person beneath had died without hope or fear,—all this offended me. The provisions of the law of burial, which does not allow families to repose together even in death, since each corpse must take its place in the row or line,—this law, which destroys all sepulchral memorials of families or individuals,—(for if the land be restored to cultivation the sepulchres cannot well be preserved,) all this shocked my habitual notions and ancient prejudices.

'Yet,' continues our author, 'what can be more dangerous to the health of a great city, than that, in every populous part of it, there should be a small enclosure, containing, at a little depth under ground, dead bodies in every stage of putrefaction,—a dunghill of most noxious exhalation, slightly covered with mould? How much is this danger increased by the contagious, (I was going to say pestilential, but it is now doubted whether pestilence be contagious or not,) by the contagious nature of many diseases! What can be more indecent, and at the same time dangerous, than that, at the digging of a grave, bodies should be disturbed before they are assimilated to the dust to which they are committed, and that skulls and other bones should be thrown out for play-things to thoughtless children?

'We ought, in spite of custom, to be sensible of the indecency of our mode of interment, and of the risk we run by heaping our dead on each other in a narrow boundary, yearly

encroached upon by the altar-tombs of the wealthy, and rendered still narrower by a predilection, foolish as it may seem, for the sunny side of the churchyard. How then are the dead to be disposed of? a question to my mind more difficult to answer than "how are the dead raised up?"

Now for the catacombs, about which there has been so much twaddle.

'The catacombs are, or is, (for I have forgotten my English grammar,) one of the *lions* of the environs of Paris; and such a *lion*! Let the word "lumen" mean "life," and call it "monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum." When the Cimetière du Pere la Chaise was substituted for churchyards, out of these latter, now to be applied to secular uses, were dug the human bones that were found in laying the foundations of buildings: these bones were carried to certain stone quarries, now no longer worked, a little to the south of Paris. So far, so good: but it came into the heads of the managers of this affair to make a pretty thing of it: on the sides of the passages of the quarry, and in the wider spaces, they ranged these bones in squares and circles, and wheels and stars; a skull in the middle, and rays of bones, brachia, and lacerti; of the ossa, ilium, ischium, and coccygis,—there was no os *sacrum*,—they made obelisks and pyramids; and this "region of horror,"—these "doleful shades,"—under the abused name of the catacombs, attract the idle and curious traveller to see by what fantastic devices that which is most respectable and venerable to humanity and to faith can be tricked out into raree-show. This place cannot be visited without inconvenience: it were to be wished, as in the case of the opera tune, that, instead of difficulty, there might be impossibility: it is excessively damp; moisture issues from above, though on the sides it is hidden by the choice tapestry with which they are decorated; but the ground is slippery; each person gropes along with a wax taper in his hand, sometimes obliged to curve himself. It is some consolation, at length, to find here an altar, on

which, once in the year, on All Soul's Day, a *missa pro defunctis* is said. I trust in the good taste, if not in the piety of the French people, so far, as to hope that this altar will be set up in a chapel above-ground, and that the catacombs will be filled with earth, and closed till the consummation of all things.

'The cimetière and the catacombs are, strictly speaking, in the environs of Paris, being without the walls.'

In the following August, our author quits Paris for Avignon, in the south of France, where he subsequently settled. The inns on the road were bad enough, we are told, 'to try the patience of that old patriarchal exemplar of patience more frequently cited than imitated. Of eatables, indeed, there was enough, and the beds were not bad; but the wine was sour; the peaches as hard as those found on the chimney-piece of a lady's boudoir; and the grapes, though very pretty to look at, wanted a month's longer exposure to the sun: the apples even were not ripe. When any thing was asked for beyond objects of the first and most obvious necessity, the answer was, "il n'y en a point."* I asked for an extinguisher. "Il n'y en a point."—"How do they put out candles in this country?"—"Ma foi, Monsieur, mais on les souffle."†—"Not always," said I, pointing to black and greasy spots on the wall. Of the seven ways of putting out a candle which Dean Swift has taught, I prefer, in cases of necessity, that by which the light and the odour are extinguished at once; and here the floor was the better for it.

'To account for the poverty of a country, in which is found, in abundance, so rich a product as wine, it must be recollected how small a proportion the land covered with vines bears to the whole tract. This reasoning may be usefully applied to other countries similarly circumstanced.'

The landlords, however, are galling.

'Moulin has as much the appearance of a *bon vivant* as if he were an English landlord, but with a cast of

* There is none.

† Faith, Sir, they blow them out.

French manners. A very pretty young English lady (so she was described to me,) admired his great Newfoundland dog, but said, "M. Moulin, I am afraid of him: will he bite me?"—"Non, Mademoiselle; mon chien ne vous mordera pas: fût il un tigre, il lécherait une si belle main."*

The boasted climate of the south of France is, after all, but very so-so.

'I do not advise,' says Mr. Best, 'any one, habituated to the climate of England, and in good health, to come abroad for the sake of climate. Charles II. was certainly right when he said, one may in England be out of doors more days in the year, and more hours in the day, than in any other country. I quoted this saying to a friend, who replied, "Mais c'est toujours en souffrant;"† and, being accustomed to heat, he reckoned all suffering from that cause as nothing: he had been in England, and recollected how his nose was bitten, and his fingers benumbed by the frost. A friend at Avignon called on me in the middle of the day, having crept along the shady side of the streets. It is there the custom in summer to keep the windows shut during the heat of the day. I complained to my visitant of this practice, as depriving one of air when gasping for it. "Mais que voulez-vous? l'air est en feu."‡ I put the thermometer out at a north window, and it rose two degrees. During the greatest heat of the hot summer of 1820, I observed the thermometer pretty regularly at midnight, and found it to stand at 80 Fahrenheit.'

Nor is the saving in expenditure calculated to atone for such *scorching*.

'The result,' says our traveller, 'of between three and four years experience is, that about one-sixth is saved by living, not in Paris, but in a provincial town in France, or that a franc will go as far as a shilling. Set against this saving the expenses of the journey, and the saving will not be great to those who do not retrench in their mode of life, but live in France in the same style as at home. The exchange on bills drawn on Eng-

land may be favourable; but some little money sticks in every hand through which money passes, which balances this advantage.

'House-rent is higher in France than in England; fuel much dearer; some manufactured articles, as woollen cloth for coats, and linen or cotton for shirts, are equally dear: colonial produce, as sugar and coffee, is of a variable price, but not much cheaper: tea is cheaper, as the Americans supply it, or England with a remission of the duty. But there are no assessed taxes, no poor-rates: provisions I found to be cheaper by about one-third than I had left them in England; and my younger children, instead of small beer, with half a glass of wine each after dinner, now drank wine, with discretion indeed, but at discretion. The more numerous my family, the greater was the advantage to me of this diminution of the daily expense of food.

'Yet I calculate that at the end of forty-two months, including what the journey to Avignon cost me, and the difference between the price at which my furniture was bought, and that at which it was sold,—I had spent, within one twentieth, as much as it would have cost me to live in my county town in England with the same establishment and in the same manner.'

A great portion of the volume is taken up with domestic details; the most interesting of which relates to the author's son, an amiable youth, who died at Avignon.

The author, though a man of strong natural sense, and of much shrewdness, has been weak enough to insert an account of a vision of his wife's, as well as of an extraordinary dream of his own. The particulars of both these had, we think, been better omitted, because, with a large class of readers, they only serve to detract from the merits of a work otherwise rather entertaining and instructive. The style throughout is not very inviting, but yet there is a certain nameless charm about the author's credulity, love of gossip, and tedious

* No, Miss, my dog will not bite you; if he were a tiger, he would lick such a beautiful hand.

† But it is in suffering continually.

‡ But what would you have? the air is on fire.

minuteness; and though his book is by no means disagreeable, we should—judging from his volume—prefer his garrulous and gullable conversation over his own chosen wine, produced from the grape that grows nearest

to the sun. On a summer's evening, in his own study in Lincolnshire, he would be, we are certain, a most amusing companion for a good listener.

EVENINGS AT FLANAGAN'S.

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be this my motto and my fate.

PRESENT—BILLY STEPHENS, DAVID M'CLEARY, DOCTOR TIGHE GREGORY, AND COUNSELLOR BETHEL.

Stephens—Well, Davy, how d'ye like this drawing-room? is it equal to the room at Wylie's?

M'Cleary—Why, Billy, it is very commojious, I think, but still not as snug as Wylie's. Poor Wylie!!

Gregory—Ay, you may well say poor Wylie! I am afraid, Davy, we helped to ruin him; there is no luck following us; our cause, I believe, is a sinking one: we have been beaten hollow at all the elections.

Stephens—Yes, doctor, just as I said in my song. 'The priests and the demagogues carry the day;' wasn't that song a good one in its way?

Gregory—Oh! very well; but, Billy, you only joke when you say it was yours: we know what you can do.

Stephens—Do! doctor! and what can't I do? Is there the like of my newspaper in Dublin?

Gregory—Certainly not, it stands alone; pre-eminent in blundering, unrivalled in stupidity: there is sometimes a good leading article, which I suppose Conway gives you; but, as for the rest, don't ask me to say more, Billy.

Stephens—Its information in mercantile matters—

Gregory—Oh! aye! and its extraordinary accuracy.

Bethel—A curacy, doctor! and are you put off with this at last?

Gregory—No, counsellor, with all my loyalty I have neither parish nor curacy to boast of; I was speaking as to the mercantile information generally found in Billy's paper.

Bethel—Oh! I have been told that his information, with regard to prices and all that, is generally very important and interesting, but that unfortunately it somehow or other comes a week too late or too early.

Stephens—Am I not the organ of the merchants?

Bethel—Ay, to be played upon or quizzed.

Stephens—Am I not the oracle of truth?

Bethel—Oh! Lord look at him; only look at Oracle Stephens. Davy, Davy, you have been playing tricks with his tumbler.

M'Cleary—Be quiet, consillor, remember the lost breeches.

Bethel—Mum! but I'll give you the praises of Billy's paper: this scrap I got from that queer fellow, Luke Plunkett. (*Reads.*)

THE ORACLE.

Of all the Journals sure in Dublin city

There's none like the broad sheet that's owned by Billy;

Though I have heard folks say (and more's the pity)

That traders think his notions stale and silly.

No foe, I think, e'er said the man was witty,

Nor was he ever for a conjuror taken;

But, let it pass, his wits may yet awaken.

Stephens—Stop, stop! don't expose me; here's some one coming up.

Enter Sir H. Lees, Mr. Sheehan, and H. B. Codey.

Welcome, gentlemen, welcome; we

have been wishing for you.

M'Cleary—Welcome, my dear Rem-me-my Sheehan, my Gulliver of the press; welcome, as Cicero says, to my over-anxious and expecting arms.

Sheehan—Thank ye, Davy, thank ye; as we came along we were speaking of you, and of your new order of knighthood.

Bethel—What order is this, Davy?

M'Cleary—My dear rider of the eighth wonder of the world, my sweet master of the venerable poney, this affair doesn't concern you; you cannot be one of us; on the day of installation every brother must appear in a new suit of clothes: you understand me, my old cock!

Bethel—Hum! but, Mister Codey, what's this order?

Codey—Why, sir, as orangeism is put down by law, we have been thinking of some other plan for keeping loyal men together; and, as the Papists, with O'Connell at their head, are establishing an Order of Liberators, we have determined on founding another to oppose them.

Bethel—Right! but what shall it be called?

Codey—The 'Order of the Goose.'

Stephens (starting up) Who calls me a goose? is it because I waddle?

Bethel—Every body, my dear Billy. But we were not speaking of you now. Well, Mr. C—— and who is to be sovereign?

Codey—The intended sovereign or grand master is David M'Cleary, of Crampton Court, master of the guild of taylors, &c. &c.

The grand chaplain, the venerable and Rev. Sir H. Lees; assistant chaplain, the Rev. E. T. Gregory, genealogist, historiographer, secretary and registrar, William Stephens. It is intended to have a medal struck off, the border to be a wreath of measures, with fragments of cabbage at the extremity; the centre, the shears, goose, lapboard, book of patterns, needle



Bethel—Excellent; but what are the qualifications?

Codey—To have written against the Papists.

To have spoken against the Papists.

To have drank the glorious memory thrice.

To have mended your own breeches. This last, my dear Bethel, is in your favour; you are eligible. I have drawn up the entire plan of the procession and installation; the brethren are to assemble at the Merchant's Hall, and, after an appropriate exhortation from the assistant chaplain, are to proceed in solemn state to the Tailors' Hall in Back Lane, where the ceremony of installation is to take place; the grand chaplain shall officiate there. A military band must be in attendance; and some Protestant mens' mercers, well known as first-rate vocalists, have promised to join them. I have sketched some of the songs that are to be given: the following is to be sung by all the knights at setting out. I call it

THE LAY OF THE GOOSE.

Hark! heard ye not that startling sound
That shook the echoing streets around?

The brethren all

Have left the hall,

On glory's journey bound.

Safe from bailiffs, free from fear,

See the 'parts of men' appear;

Proudly through the town they roam

In the clothes not yet sent home:

Where's the thimble? where's the measure?

Where's the scrap, the cabbaged treasure?

Talk not, think not, now of these,
Hear the chorus if you please.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hoist the lapboard, wield the shears,
Papists, Papists, mind your ears;
Wearied legs no more are crossed,
Each big ancle now is lost;
Blessings shall this day produce,
Blest be the 'Order of the Goose.'

Bethel—Why, Codey, this is much finer than any of the songs in your damned play.

Sheehan—Counsellor, let the dead rest.

Codey—The counsellor had better be quiet, he is rather open to ridicule. Pray, Sheehan, d'ye remember the noise he made some time ago when his new breeches were stolen from his lodgings in the Green.

Sheehan—I do, I do, and by all that's funny, I never laughed so much at any man as I did at the poor counsellor on that occasion.

M'Cleary—A better pair of inexpressibles never left my mansion in Crampton Court, gentlemen.

Bethel—Eh! Sir Harcourt, my hearty, what are you at? are you drowsy?

Sir Harcourt—No, my good friend, I am just now concocting my sermon for the installation; you'll see how I'll make the pope and the Jesuits smoke. I will, by the ghost of Nimrod.

Sheehan—Well done, Sir Harcourt; but about the breeches, my dear Codey, go on.

Bethel—Drop it, gentlemen, it is wrong to expose a man's weakn—, fail—, fundamentally wrong.

Codey—As I was saying, Mr. Sheehan, the learned gentleman made a

great noise about the matter. Why, if the lord lieutenant had been stolen out of Dublin Castle, it couldn't have excited a greater commotion; but, as the bard says, 'little things are great to little men.'

M'Cleary—A fine, fine passage; that is from my own, my adored Cicero—he says—says he—

Gregory—Davy, Davy, with all your knowledge of Cicero, you are out.

M'Cleary (rising in anger)—D'ye think, sir, I'll be put down or corrected by you? no—let me see—black casimere breeches, new black coat, repairing ditto—furnish all to-morrow morning—says Cicero—says he.

Sheehan—Order! order! my dear Davy; you know Mr. Codey was speaking. Well, Codey.

Codey—Well, as I said, little things are great to little men.

M'Cleary (muttering)—It is my own Cicero's.

Codey—The counsellor made a great noise about his lost treasure; his acquaintance were all laughing at him; until at last some wag took the notion of writing a lamentation for him: a few copies of this were handed about. I by chance got one, which I have still to the good: shall I read it?

All—Read, read.

Codey (pulling out a paper)—It is entitled an

ELEGY ON A LOST BREECHES.

Pity the sorrows of an injured man,
Whose trembling limbs their pilfered garb deplore,
Who still must mourn, let friends say all they can,
For oh! what friend the breeches can restore?

Hope of my thighs that now grow weak and old,
Say from what peg or shopboard are ye shown?
My threadbare trowsers won't keep out the cold,
And my sole stock is threadbare ones alone.

What glee, what pleasure sparkled in my eye,
When first my late lost treasure I surveyed,
Thinking the while how well my leg and thigh
Would look when in such goodly gear arrayed.

I thought how gay my old grey hack would seem,
When thus be-breeched his back I should bestride ;
Oh ! curse the chance that spoiled this pleasing dream,
And crushed the poney's and the master's pride.

A hard harsh creditor is grim M'Cleary,
He feels not, cares not, for the loss I've borne ;
I still may growl, or argue till I'm weary,
But cash must go for what I've never worn.

May colds and agues plague the heartless thief,
May shivering fits pursue him night and day—
May fate ne'er lend the lawless wretch relief,
Who took my inexpressibles away.

Sir Harcourt—Very well indeed !
vastly well ; but my friends, ye are
interrupting me in the composition of
my sermon. I have thrown some
fine things into it : when published it
will render the ' Illustrious Order of
the Goose ' trebly illustrious.

Gregory—It is my intention for
to—

Sheehan—For to—oh ! doctor, doc-
tor !

M'Cleary—Oh ! doctor, doctor,
can't you imitate me, study the cong-
cords and the euphony of the lan-
guage, as Cicero says—says he—Con-
script fathers.

Sheehan—Conscript balderdash !
be quiet, Davy, the people in the
next room hear us, and are laughing
at us ; (*the door slowly opens, and a
stranger looks in*) —oh ! Lord, oh !
Lord, who was that ? Lord, it is Lord
Rossmore ; and he had a cane, and
his hat on too : it is an awful thing
for a man to enter a room with
his hat on. Hide me, hide me, Davy,
shelter your Gulliver of the press.

M'Cleary—He's gone, my dear
Remmy, look up.

Sheehan—Dear, dear, how I trem-
ble ; is he gone, Davy ? Oh ! that
terrible Lord Rossmore, with his
awful hat and his terrible cane.

Codey—Ay ! Remmy and his ugly
action at law too. Remmy, my dear,
I'm afraid you've caught a Tartar—
(*The door again opens, and the figure
calls ' Billy.'*)

Stephens—'Tis one of the Daws. I
must go. (*Exit Stephens.*)

' One bumper at parting '—

No, it is too high, it won't do—I'll try :

' We'll all go home in our old clothes ;

' We'll all go home in our old clothes ;

' We'll all go home in our old clothes ;

For God knows when we'll get new.'

Codey—Daws ! what the curse does
he mean ?

Bethel—I know them, Codey, they
are a drinking club ; one of those sets
that, as Butler says, are bound toge-
ther, like the staves, of a cask, merely
to hold drink.

M'Cleary—That is my own Cicero
again.

Codey—Davy, for Heaven's sake !
let Cicero alone, you murder him.

M'Cleary—Why, Mr. Codey, men
like you, who have no name for elo-
quence, may blame me for talking of
Cicero ; but, sir, I've been ' accus-
tomed to public speaking '—I have
been for three hours on my legs at
the Taylor's Hall, when I crushed
young Grattan, and blasted the laurels
of his father.

Codey—Indeed, Davy, I heard you,
and I never felt so much pity for my
brother orangemen as I did then.
When I heard you attempting to
measure the mind of the great patriot,
oh ! Davy, I was ready to cry out
' Taylor, stick to your lapboard.'

M'Cleary—Isn't that from Cicero ?

Codey—I think not.

Sir Harcourt (*muttering*)—The
conspiracy—pope and Jesuits—Saint
Hohenloe and Doctor Doyle—Dan
O'Connell and bloody sedition—blun-
dering Canning—protector of the Pro-
testants—(*in a louder tone*) it will
do—it will I say.

Codey—Come, counsellor, we're
about to break up ; have you no song ?

Bethel—None but old ones—I'll
try. (*Sings.*)

M. Cleary (sings)—

Faith, counsellor, that's too true;

Faith, counsellor, that's too true;

Chorus—

Faith, counsellor, that's too true;

All—

Away! away! 'tis the break of day,

And Mistress Flanagan won't let us stay.

[*Exeunt.*]

CAPTAIN PARRY'S THIRD VOYAGE.—THE OMEN.

Rory O'Rourke, Esq. to the Editor.

MY DEAR EDITOR—I suppose it is no secret to you that man and wife seldom love the same object. Their affections, apart from the conjugal ones, generally cross each other at right angles; and seem to ordinary observers, who never judge rightly, to act solely on the principles of contradiction. In my own family there is a remarkable instance of this: Mrs. O'Rourke bestows all her care on the boys, while I, for the soul of me, cannot help loving the girls best. Little Lucy—the curly-headed, dimpled cheek one—is perpetually on my knee, and sometimes annoys, as well as amuses me, by asking strange questions. 'Papa,' says she the other day, 'is the North-pole in my geography like a may-pole?' The very simplicity of the question puzzled me; and in order to reflect on the nature of the associations which produced it, I laid my hand on my forehead, where the *bumps* of CAUSALITY are peculiarly prominent; and having rubbed and pressed these for a little time, I felt an irresistible desire to possess Captain Parry's last voyage. Two pounds ten shillings being extracted from my breeches pocket—by far the safest one—the servant quickly brought me the quarto from Murray's; and judge my surprise on finding in one hundred and fifty pages nothing more than that Captain Parry went out and came home again. On the 19th of May, 1824, the Hecla and Fury left the Thames, and having reached Batlin's Bay, they found the season unusually severe. They spent the following winter at Port Bowen, made some philosophical experiments, and performed masquerades once a month on board, which the Captain tells us, with methodistical cant, were extremely free from all licentiousness, just as if there could be any thing licentious under such circumstances. On the approach of

summer they quitted Port Bowen, made for Prince Regent's Inlet, and soon after both ships were driven on shore. The Fury was ultimately abandoned, and the Hecla returned to England. Hardly any new observations were made, for they saw nothing they had not seen before; Captain Parry, however, is still sanguine.

'On a subject,' says he, 'which has, for many years past, excited so strong and general an interest as that of the north-west passage, a subject which has called forth so much warm British feeling in every British heart, it may perhaps be expected that, charged as I have been with three several attempts at its accomplishment, I should, ere I close this volume, once more offer an opinion. This I am enabled to do the more briefly, because the question evidently rests nearly where it did before the equipment of the late expedition, and I have, therefore, little to offer respecting it, in addition to what I have already said at the close of my last narrative. The views I then entertained on this subject of the nature and practicability of the enterprise, of the means to be adopted, and the route to be pursued for its accomplishment, remain wholly unaltered at the present moment; except that some additional encouragement has been afforded by the favourable appearance of a navigable sea near the south-western extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet. To that point, therefore, I can in the present state of our knowledge, have no hesitation in still recommending that any future attempt should be directed.

'I feel confident that the undertaking, if it be deemed advisable at any future time to pursue it, will one day or other be accomplished; for, setting aside the accidents to which, from their very nature, such attempts must be liable, as well as other un-

favourable circumstances which human foresight can never guard against, nor human power control, I cannot but believe it to be an enterprise well within the reasonable limits of practicability. It may be tried often, and often fail, for several favourable and fortunate circumstances must be combined for its accomplishment; but I believe, nevertheless, that it *will* ultimately be accomplished. That it is not to be undertaken lightly, nor without due attention to every precaution which past or future experience may suggest, our recent failures under such advantages of equipment as no other expedition of any age or country ever before united, and we trust also our own endeavours to effect something worthy of so liberal an outfit, will, at least, serve to shew. I am much mistaken, indeed, if the north-west passage ever becomes the business of a single summer; nay, I believe that nothing but a concurrence of very favourable circumstances is likely even to make a single *winter* in the ice sufficient for its accomplishment. But this is no argument against the possibility of final success; for we know that a winter in the ice may be passed not only in safety but in health and comfort.'

A comfortable winter in the frozen regions! Some men have strange ideas of comfort.

The Vicar of Wakefield had never a greater antipathy to cosmetic washes when applied to the cheeks of his daughters than I have to novels when found in the hands of my elder girls. What then must have been my anger on finding one of them poring over the OMEN. The author is one of those puppies who are constantly trying how far it is possible to impose upon a good natured public. In the preface we are told that the publisher, Mr. Blackwood, shed tears (poor soul!) before he had read the work, and yet he would not let it into his magazine. Only think of that. Then follows something about a dead general, whose name I shall not disturb; but turn to the beginning of the 'Omen:' and why the volume was entitled an omen I know not; for there is nothing ominous about the whole story. In the intro-

duction all is mystery; we are told about a 'gorgeous' carpet, a French clock, a dead lady, a bleeding gentleman, a coach and green trees. This continues through one-half of the volume, and the other half is taken up with what should never have appeared in print; because, in the first place, the whole is grossly improbable; and, in the second place, the whole is singularly disgusting. The tale is this: the narrator grows up to manhood without knowing who were his parents. An uncle, who puts him in possession of a large estate, tells him that his mother was faithless to his father, who, in a scuffle with the paramour, lost his life. Our hero then gets into the *dumps*, and, while witnessing the play of Hamlet at Drury Lane Theatre, intuitively discovers in one of the boxes the seducer of his mother!! He then flies to the continent—meets a young lady on landing at Hamburg, and falls desperately in love with her—pursues her to London—is opposed by her mother—flies to Westminster Abbey, and is just about putting the ring on the young lady's finger, when lo! his mother, who is also her mother, rushes in, and proclaims them brother and sister!! The incestuous marriage is thus prevented, and the conclusion of the volume gives us to understand that the parties soon after found an early grave.

Attempt at fine writing is occasionally made. Take the following as a specimen:—

'Tremendous and impenetrable destiny, wherefore is it that I have ever been doomed to despondency, like a blighted plant that languishes beneath the frown of an eclipse? (Only think of a plant languishing beneath an eclipse!) Come not all things to pass as Providence hath pre-ordained they should be? What then does it avail to the agency of fate fettered man that he has faith in the warnings of oracles, the science of the augur, or the vision of the prophet, when all things that shall be are already registered in the eternal chronicles of Heaven as past and done?'

'But these thoughts come too often and too fast upon me.' That also is the opinion of,

RORY O'ROURKE.



EARL GREY.

Painted by M. Angeli — Engraved by R. Page

Published by Colburn & Co. and J. D. Potter, Copper-plate.